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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 9, 1944
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Vol. CLXXIX No. 2342 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 9 1944

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Volume CLXXIX No. 2342 The SPHERE, London, December 9, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

**A GERMAN CONVOY IS WIPED OUT OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY, DURING A "STRIKE" BY THE FLEET AIR ARM. The scene between Mosjoen and Rorvik after the action as a small German supply vessel (in foreground) was being beached, well on fire. In the centre is a German troopship running ashore, also on fire, with an armed trawler hiding under her smoke; and in the background is a large supply vessel being beached**

Carrier-borne aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm have just destroyed an enemy convoy—which included a laden troopship—off Central Norway as it was steaming southward. In addition to the troopship, there were two supply ships in the convoy, which was escorted by an armed trawler. These enemy vessels were all being used by the Germans to get their troops out of Northern Norway. Despite snowstorms, the strike force of Barracudas, Firefly and Seafire aircraft attacked the convoy with bombs and cannon-fire. Three hits with bombs and numerous cannon-strikes were observed on the transport, which was last seen burning fiercely and in a sinking condition. A large number of enemy troops were observed struggling in the water or taking to rafts. The supply ship of medium size, the small supply ship and the armed trawler were set on fire and driven ashore. It was considered that these were destroyed

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# A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 275

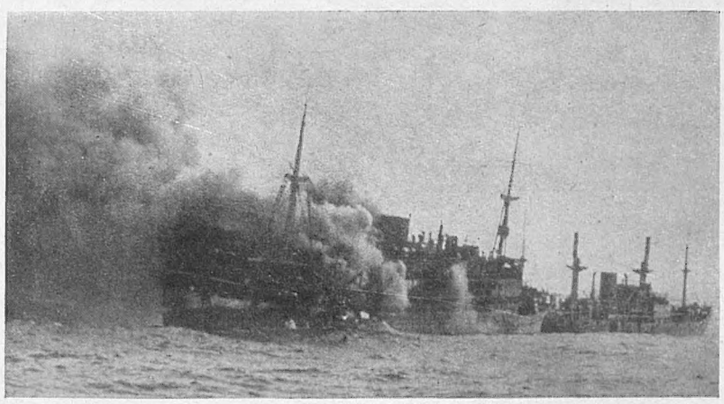
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

**Untimely Discord.**—The picture of Europe freed from the Nazi stranglehold grows daily more confused and unedifying. The optimist may argue that internal discord is unavoidable so long as hunger and suffering and general disruption of social life continue in the lately-occupied countries. The pessimist may decide that political unity in certain countries is not a normal state, but at best a temporary expedient in the hour of acute danger, and that once that acute danger is removed these countries return to their normal condition and favourite pastime of bickering and the prosecution of political vendettas. To-day, Greece, Belgium, Poland and Italy are in the throes of political strife, with the common enemy still at their gates, and still unbeaten. Nationally, they are blotting their copy-books. The fairest page in the history of modern Greece is already blotched with these ink-stains, and the noble chapter of resistance in Belgium may well suffer a like smirching. As for Italy, she should still be working her passage home with humility and infinite patience. Not many nations can afford to cast the stone, certainly not among the Democracies. We in Britain have been justly proud of our unity in the years of mortal danger. Other nations have praised us for this quality, have even declared that it saved civilisation. If it were so, that manifestation should shed an influence and offer a model and an ideal outside Britain. But, as from time to time the danger has receded, we also have had proofs that unity is no normal state, and, whenever party faction and personal axes have raised their heads again, we have "explained" that party controversy is a healthy sign of true democracy. And so no doubt it is, just so long as country comes before Party, and so long as reason and not rancour, patriotism and not self-interest, direct the controversy. But the naked truth stands revealed for all to see: the mortal danger which demands national unity is not yet passed, for Greece, for Belgium, for Italy, for Britain, for America. Nor will it pass when the Nazis are finally on their knees. It will not pass until hunger is outlawed and communications and services restored; it may not pass until the fearful problems of resettlement of frontiers are achieved with (more or less) general agreement. And that may be a long day.

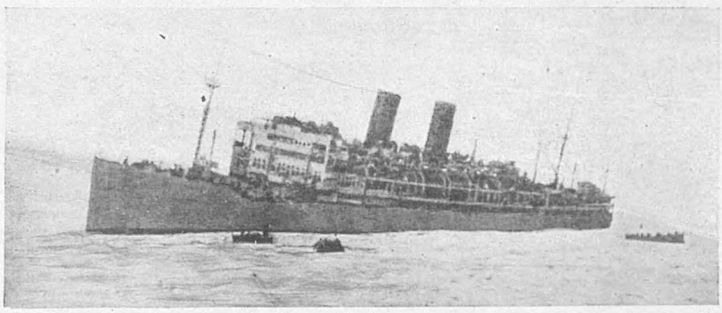
**Dewdrops and White Papers.**—The average man likes a dewdrop. They help the raspberries to go down easier. In life and war there are more kicks than halfpence. And here, if you please, on white papers of different kinds, are handed me two dewdrops within a week—one from the King and one from the Government. A dewdrop to a Home-Guardsman and a dewdrop to a man-in-the-street; and both of them understanding, sympathetic, unqualified and generous in their terms. These papers surely are for filing, if not framing. These are our "characters," our references for the reading of our posterities. What did your father do in the Great Wars? We have mislaid (if we ever possessed) a certificate of our record (such as it was) in the first Great War. Somewhere hidden away, perhaps, is a nicely printed certificate that one was mentioned in Sir John's or Sir Douglas' despatches, or what not. We must be more careful of our documents this time. Posterity is very cool-headed, and youth inclined to be critical of eld and the generations which preceded theirs. Here, to hand, are flaming references to character. Their glowing terms surprise *me* almost as much as they will (I hope) surprise and convince my grandsons. Honestly, I did not realise that in the past six years I have played so noble, so heroic, a part! The years of trouble have slipped away, and I have felt like a man directed, pushed, jostled, in the way I should go. But no doubt the White Papers know best and tell the truth. It's as clear as paint that you and I are heroes, and no mean citizens of no mean city. We are printed in history; we are historic anonymities, with a niche in the national valhalla. We have *achieved* success. But the trouble is not over. I hope the dewdrops are not premature. It is not yet time for us to sit back and pose in our niche. The issue of halos is postponed *sine die*, though the tin hats may now be returned to store.

**An Empire for Sale?**—A notable American journalist, in an article reproduced recently in the British Press, declared his inexorable and considered opinion that Britain will end this war "with her economic system bled white." She has already lost half her export market, half her foreign investments. She has borrowed from overseas countries 10,000 million dollars, excluding lease-lend and mutual aid subventions. She has lost her old dominance in shipping, international banking and other lucrative services. After the war, she will, in the first vital years, be able to pay by traditional methods only for three-quarters of her essential imports. He places the deficit—in our annual trade budget—at 1,000 million dollars. He sympathetically examines four possible expedients for raising the wind. He rejects all but the last—the sale of outlying portions of our estate! That is the solution adopted by Trollope when his country squires gamble or fumble away their inheritances. Mr. Longstaffe sells his Sussex property to the wealthy Mr. Melmotte. The solution, indeed, is not uncommon in our history. Lawyers and estate agents have made a livelihood from it for centuries. But do we accept the premises, let alone the solution? The writer suggests very tactfully that the Caribbean and Bermuda bases, or keypoints in the Gilbert, Solomons or Fiji groups, would be suitable "Sussex properties" to sell to Mr. Melmotte of U.S.A., or to exchange for food and raw materials as required. At date, however, we have unmistakably rejected not only the premises, but also the solution. Mr. Churchill has roundly declared that the Empire is not for sale. In a word, he denies that Britain is in the condition of Squire Longstaffe, and, alternatively, that, if she is, she will by no means sell her Sussex property to Mr. Melmotte. So what? Clearly the way we live now is altogether different in principle and practice from Trollope's "*The way we live now.*"

**The Gift-Horse's Mouth.**—In the bad old days when I was young and Socialism was only knocking hesitatingly on the door, nervous Tories would comfort themselves with the statement: "Curious thing: I travel a lot, but I never meet in trains with any but dyed-in-the-wool Tories"—the implication being that the hungry millions were already crabbing in advance the banquet which new benefactors were preparing for them. Admittedly, we are a very incomprehensible race and perhaps slow to accept new political or social ideas for our betterment. But it would be a surprise even for those who best understand the national character if a majority of the nation should examine the mouth, and condemn the teeth, of the newest gift-horse which no party (hoping for votes and power to-day) can neglect to display in its shop window. A scheme of social insurance against want and other major ills—transcending the remotest ideals of the Socialist dreamer of yesterday—is announced and already cooking, and every party intends to take a hand in serving it out. In a very restricted way, I still travel and talk with all and sundry, and hear what other people are saying at second-hand besides. Such contacts and whispers do not allow me to feel that I am combing this country for its opinions. I see nothing but casual straws in the wind. But few as those straws are, I am struck by the number of them which blow in the same direction. I find more and more people of every type looking in the mouth the Beveridge gift-horse, in its original and Government-amended form. Apparently, all sorts and conditions of men and women are beginning to ask why they, who are provident and thrifty and hard-working, should pay through the nose to "support in idleness" their weaker brethren who shirk honest work and ridicule thrift. The Government has frankly stated that this great scheme stands or falls by our national will to work hard, and so, indeed, does our survival as a Great Power. The scheme can only work if the deadweight of the shirkers and unthrifty is reduced to the absolute minimum. For this gift-horse is anything but a free gift-horse. A contribution of 3s. to 4s. is a serious drain on even new-style weekly earnings, which certainly will not long stand charitable contributions or subventions for the idle and the thriftless. The British character is fiercely individualistic; its love of personal freedom is so deep-seated that it is almost our national creed that a man should be allowed to go to the Devil (or to Paradise) in his own way. It would be unspeakably shocking (and yet characteristically paradoxical) if this nation were to reject its salvation on the basis of its age-old reading of the Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, and that party-leaders, aspiring to political power, should find it necessary and urgent to remove this appealing article from their window-dressing scheme. Yet stranger things have happened in our political history, and no social reformer should underrate what are among the chief forces which have kept us a great nation. Among these forces I list high the slogan that "an Englishman's home is his castle," a cherished principle which has resisted interference, regimentation and official inspection; and the intense pride which hard-working and provident Englishmen have always derived from improving the status and condition of their own families "off their own bat" and by their own labours. I do not think that this war or the last, or the revolutions and regimentations which these wars have brought, have yet killed or scotched or even *scratched* the average Briton's passionate individualism, and his intense hatred of Government interference even for his own good.



**HORROR AND HEROISM AT SEA IN 1941: The scene at the sinking of the "Apapa"—a picture only just released for publication.** This was taken in 1941, after the bombing of the Elder-Dempster liner *Apapa* by a Focke-Wulf aircraft. She was hit in the saloon and caught fire immediately. With great promptitude the captain of an accompanying ship, *Highland Star*, brought his vessel stern-on to the *Apapa* and with amazing skill kept her there, so closely that a large proportion of the *Apapa's* complement just hopped on to the *Highland Star's* after-deck. It should be remembered that the rescuer's propellers were just where her side touched the *Apapa* and that there were four enemy submarines close by

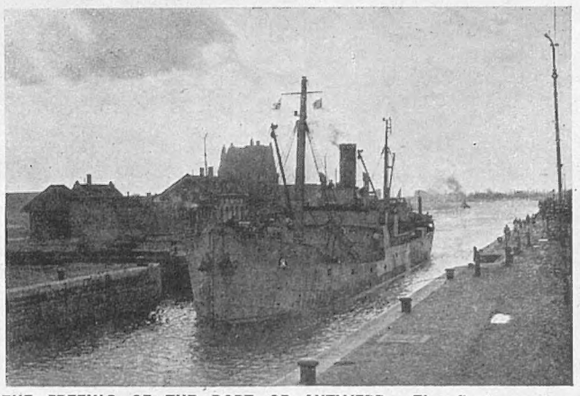


**THE END OF THE "VICEROY OF INDIA"—a picture released two years after her torpedoing by a German U-boat.** This picture of the sinking of the famous P. and O. liner *Viceroy of India* has also been released, just two years after a U-boat torpedoed her in mid-Atlantic while she was bringing U.S. troops to Europe in 1942. Here some of the survivors are seen moving away from the scene of disaster. Despite the fact that the liner remained afloat for only a short while, only four people lost their lives

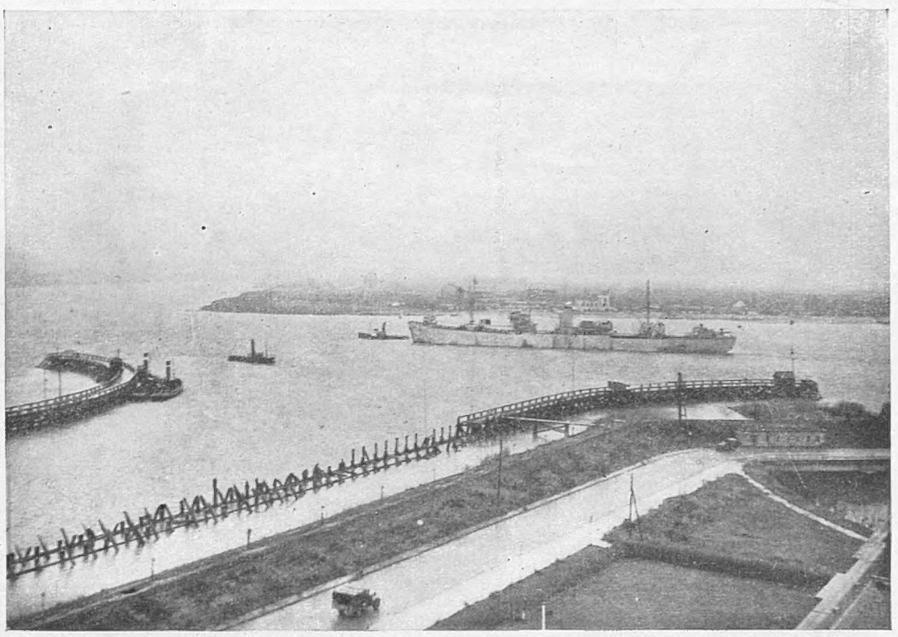
**Clives Romanus.**—Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has been the subject of late of all too much Press notice. The British Press is (in the main) justly admired for its integrity. Its news services are in the hands of careful, decent, discriminating men and women, chosen (as I think) for their powers of selection, their critical faculties, their ability to separate the wheat of fact from the chaff of rumour or misrepresentation. In the case of Mr. Wodehouse, many of them have failed. I know nothing about the war history of the popular creator of Jeeves. I have no theory about what he did or didn't do in Berlin, or Northern France. I know nothing of the man and hardly more of his books. But I broadly deplore this journalistic fog which has invested him, and rather subscribe to the Palmerstonian view that, if he be a British subject, he should be returned to Britain for an impartial investigation into his war history, and that his case should benefit by our British conceptions and practices of justice and the laws of evidence. And if his return to Britain now be not convenient or in accordance with war practices, and if the necessary facts on which to examine his case are not available yet, then I think he should be suffered to drop out of the news on the understanding and assurance that our representatives in France are satisfied that his condition (as a man who has been suspect but never tried) is satisfactory to that state. I am tired of Wodehouse fiction and don't wish to read any more of it. Here is a creator of fiction hoist with a vengeance on his own petard. P. G. Wodehouse is more fictional than Jeeves.

THE OLD STAGER

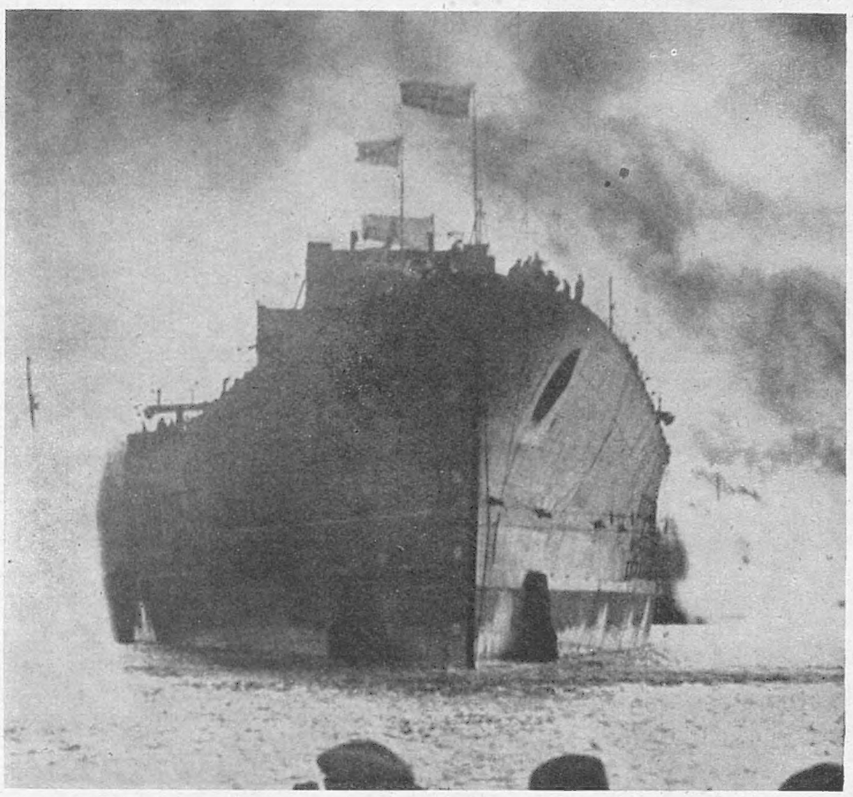
# LATE NEWS PICTURES of the WEEK



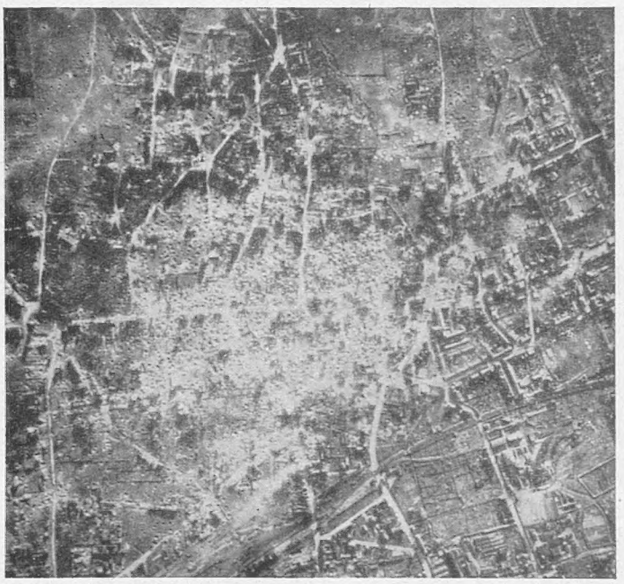
**THE FREEING OF THE PORT OF ANTWERP : The first coaster enters the great docks.** Antwerp, the third greatest port in Europe, has already received large convoys of ocean-going ships carrying huge quantities of supplies for the Allied armies. This was one of the big strategic prizes of a lightning sweep into Holland ; and it is now shortening our supply lines by nearly 200 miles. The port lies barely 60 miles from the German frontier, has nearly 30 miles of berths, sixteen dry-docks for ocean-going ships and quays extending along the Scheldt for at least three miles. But before we could realise all these fine facilities it was necessary for the Royal Navy to sweep the Scheldt channel clear of mines. Once again the Navy has played a vital part



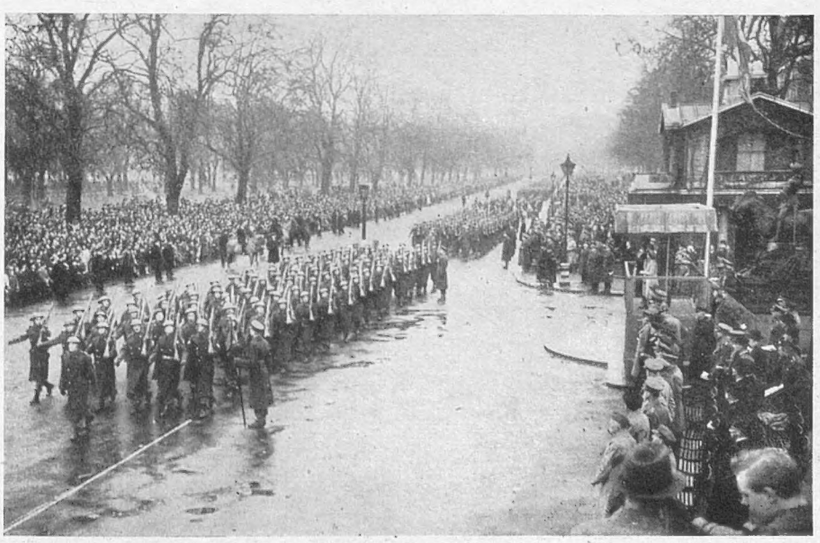
**THE FIRST LIBERTY SHIP TO ENTER THE PORT OF ANTWERP since it was officially opened to shipping. The use of this port will now greatly facilitate the Allied supply problem**



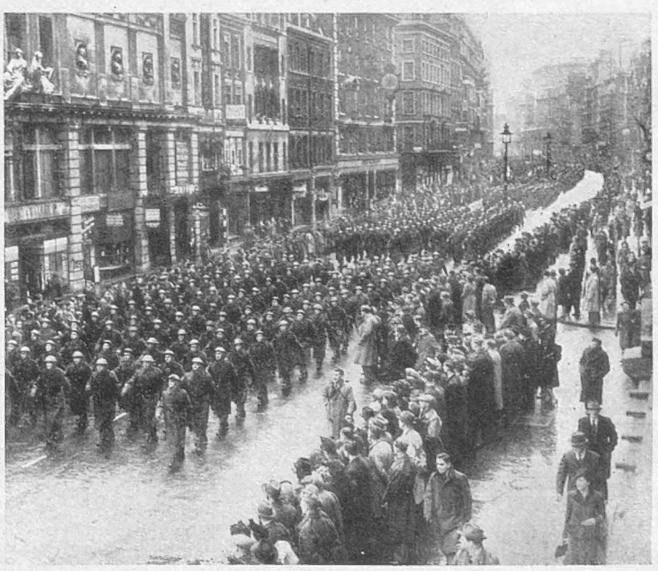
**THE GREATEST BATTLESHIP EVER LAUNCHED IN BRITAIN takes to the water after having been named by Princess Elizabeth.** The name, however, has not been made public—to deny a vital piece of information to the Germans. The ceremony took place at a northern shipyard. The vessel is of very great size and her speed is expected to exceed 30 knots, but further details have not been given. She is known to be full of secrets and it is thought that she may be one of four Lion class battleships of over 40,000 tons whose design has been greatly modified in the light of naval actions during the war



**THE CITY OF DUREN, IN GERMANY, after the Allied Air Forces and American artillery had bombarded it to ease the advance of the First Army infantry and tanks :** Craters and shell-holes, visible throughout the picture, overlap in the centre where a "saturation" effect was obtained. The photograph was taken by a pilot of the Tactical Reconnaissance Group—known as "Peck's Bad Boys"—who photographed the entire Normandy area before D-Day and the length and breadth of the Siegfried Line before the Allied armies reached that barrier



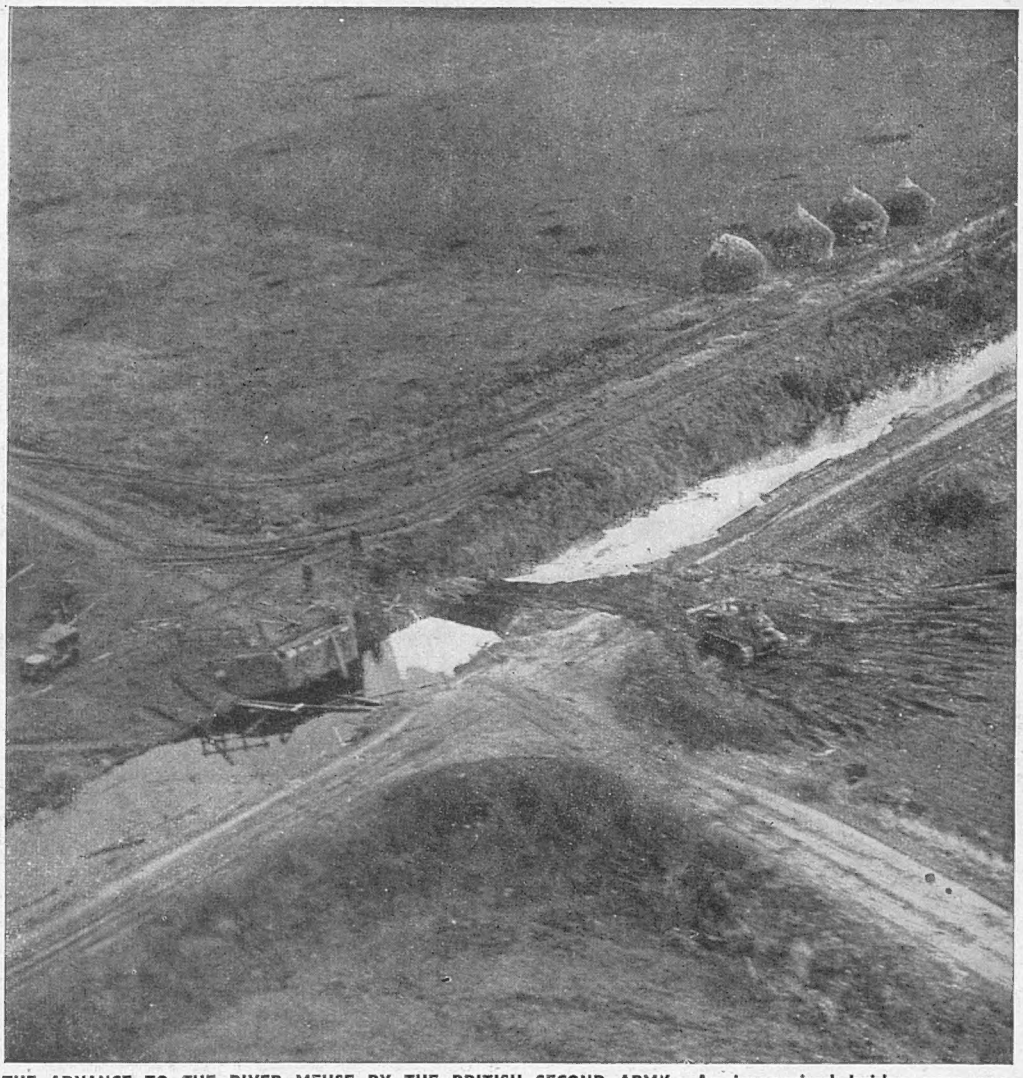
**THE "STAND-DOWN" PARADE OF THE HOME GUARD : Contingents passing the King and Queen at the saluting-base in Hyde Park, during the march past in which 7,000 men took part on Sunday last**



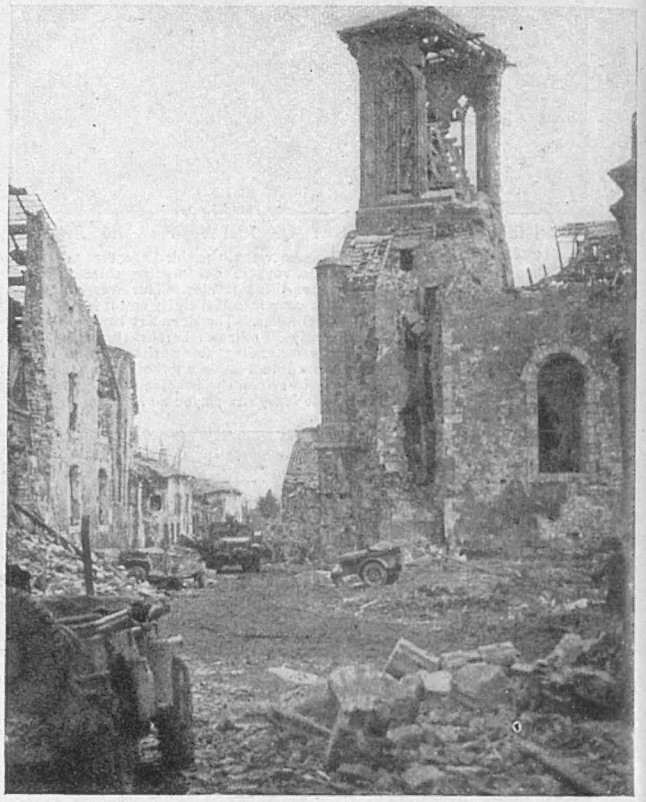
**THE PARADE PASSING THROUGH PICCADILLY, where thousands of Londoners watched the march of the veterans :** On Sunday last more than 7,000 men of the Home Guard marched through London for the "stand-down" parade. They came from all over England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland ; and during the course of their march they passed through many famous London streets. The assembly point was in Hyde Park, with the head of the parade near the Marble Arch ; at the Stanhope Gate the King, accompanied by the Queen, Princess Elizabeth and a number of Ministers, took the salute as the Home Guard marched past six abreast to the music of the band of the Irish Guards

# PRESSING INTO GERMANY

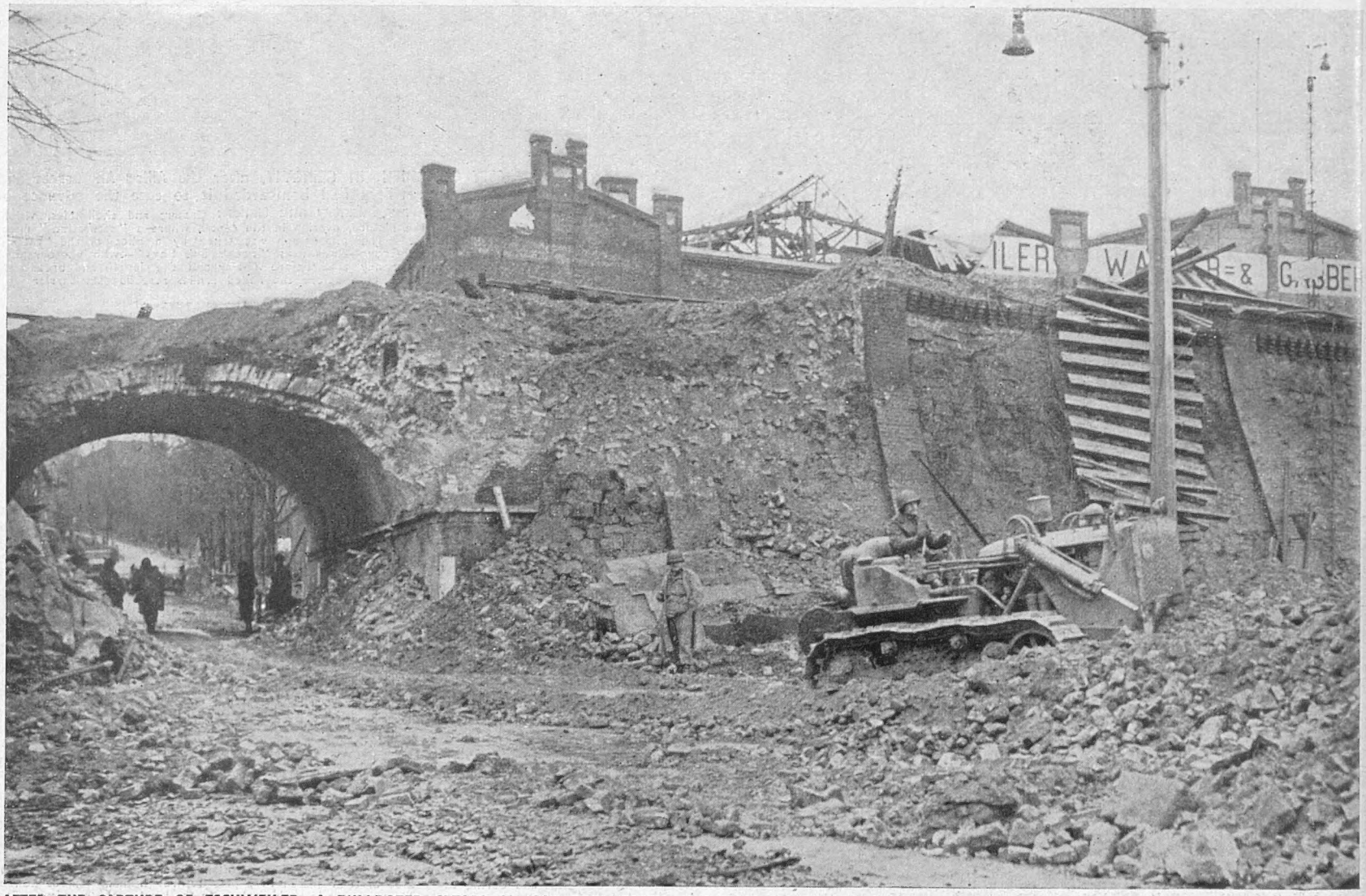
## Battle Pictures from the British and American Fronts around Metz and Eschweiler



THE ADVANCE TO THE RIVER MEUSE BY THE BRITISH SECOND ARMY: An improvised bridge over one of the many canals in the Roermond area, where—after meeting with very little opposition—our men dug in on the banks of the river overlooking the border town. The former bridge, with its road approaches, is seen in the bottom left: after it had been blown, engineers quickly filled in earth to make a crossing for the tanks. Roermond, to the south-west of Venlo, guards the main approach to Dusseldorf and the vital Ruhr area



A STREET SCENE IN MOYENVIC, NEAR METZ, which was devastated by the terrific artillery barrage laid down during the advance of the American Third Army towards the big fortress town. From here they drove farther into Germany towards Saarbruecken, key to the Saar industrial area, which is now directly threatened



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF ESCHWEILER—A BULLDOZER CLEARS A ROAD FOR ALLIED TRANSPORT THROUGH THE WRECKAGE. This town to the west of Duren was outflanked to the north and south by General Hodges' First Army: it was then taken in a frontal attack at three o'clock on the morning of November 21, after some of the most bitter fighting of recent weeks. It is at this point that the Allies have approached closest to the great city of Cologne, which lies but a few miles due east. Only a few soldiers and some civilians were found to be remaining in Eschweiler after its capture

THE GERMAN TOWN OF WEISWEILER AFTER ITS BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE BY THE AMERICANS. This is in the sector of the U.S. First Army: it was entered on November 24, but house-to-house fighting went on for some time after the main body of the enemy had retreated to the east. The town was attacked from three sides at once, with the Germans doing their utmost to prevent the Americans from getting astride the main road into the town. When this picture was taken, the haze of battle still hung over this typical German town, with debris littering its streets and with most of the houses wrecked by the heavy bombardments

IN THE MAIN STREET OF THE GERMAN TOWN OF HOVEN: ALLIED MORTARS FIRING AT GERMAN TANKS DURING AN ENEMY COUNTER-ATTACK. This town lies a little way to the north-east of Geilenkirchen, where fighting has been bitter and protracted, with the Germans carrying out a number of counter-attacks on the Allied positions and using some of their big tanks for this purpose. The Americans brought mortars into action, erecting temporary positions in the main street of Hoven for this purpose. The town itself is almost wrecked as a result of the heavy fighting it has witnessed

**THE BIG U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ENTERPRISE," veteran of many engagements with the Japs in the South Pacific—a picture taken from a Dauntless dive-bomber immediately after it had cleared the flight-deck**

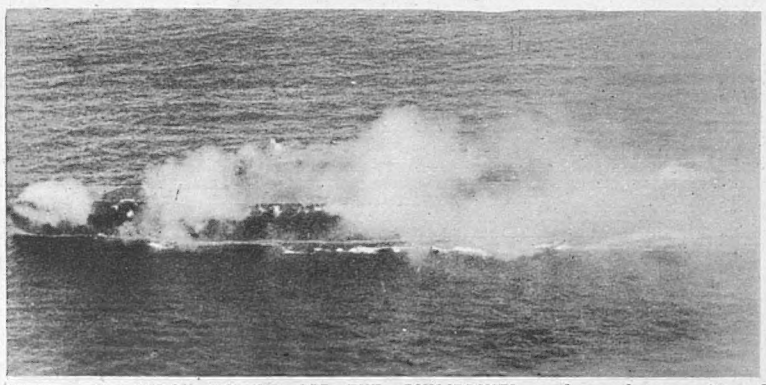
This is a vessel of 19,800 tons displacement, launched in October 1936 and completed late in 1938, but already a veteran. She has an overall length of 810 ft. and carries 81 to 85 aircraft (although there is space aboard for over 100) : her complement, including flying personnel, is 2,070. On this vessel, aircraft can be catapulted from the lower hangar deck as well as from the big flight-deck above, thus increasing the number that can be put into the air at short notice. It has been reported that *Enterprise* carries side armour to protect her machinery and boiler spaces and that she has a heavy protective deck : her speed is 34 knots. During the present war two sister-ships—*Hornet* and *Yorktown*—have been sunk by the enemy. Each of this class are said to have cost about 25,000,000 dollars

# NEW AMERICAN CARRIERS and WARSHIPS

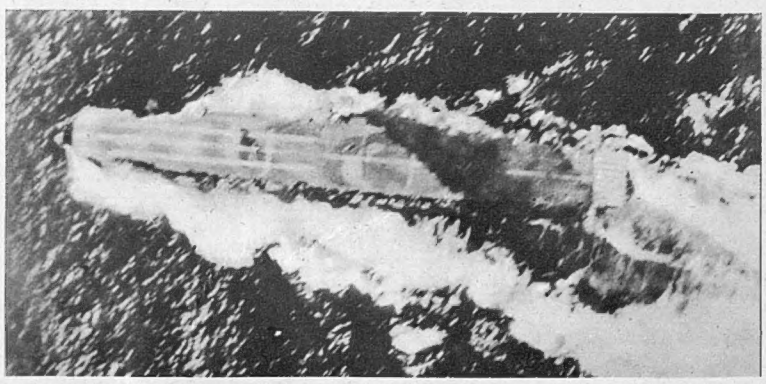
## For the Naval War Against the Japs in the Pacific

The American Navy has expanded tremendously during the past few years. New vessels of every type—from the biggest battleship down to the smallest patrol boat—have been launched, until to-day the U.S. Fleet numbers some thousands of new vessels over those in commission in 1939. With the Pearl Harbour losses more than made good, and with new carriers by the score, the Americans are now intensifying the war against Japan, and backing up their many Pacific invasions by harder and more frequent blows nearer to the Japanese mainland.

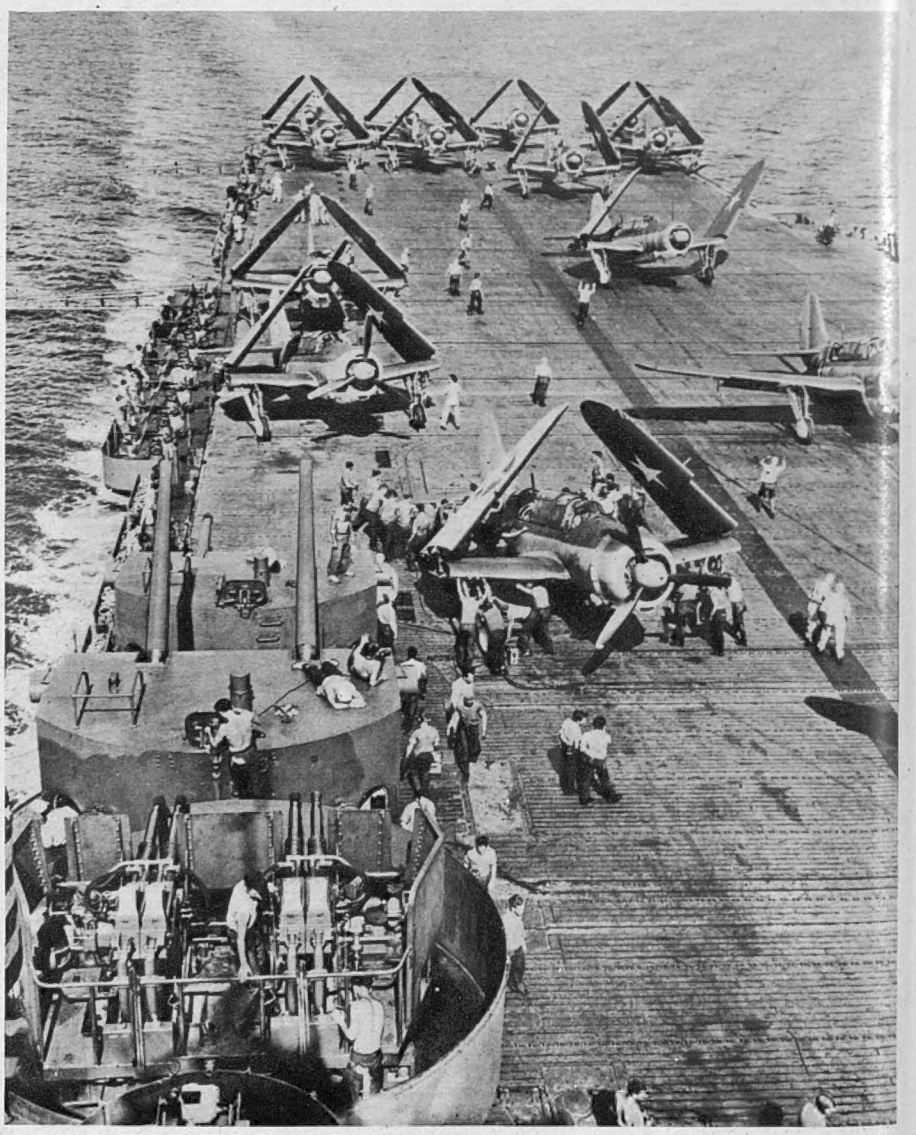
The pictures given on these pages show some of the new additions, prominent among which are the Iowa class battleships and the Allen M. Sumner class of destroyer. Included, are some new pictures actually taken during the Philippine sea battle in October last, when the Jap fleet received one of the most shattering blows of the whole war.



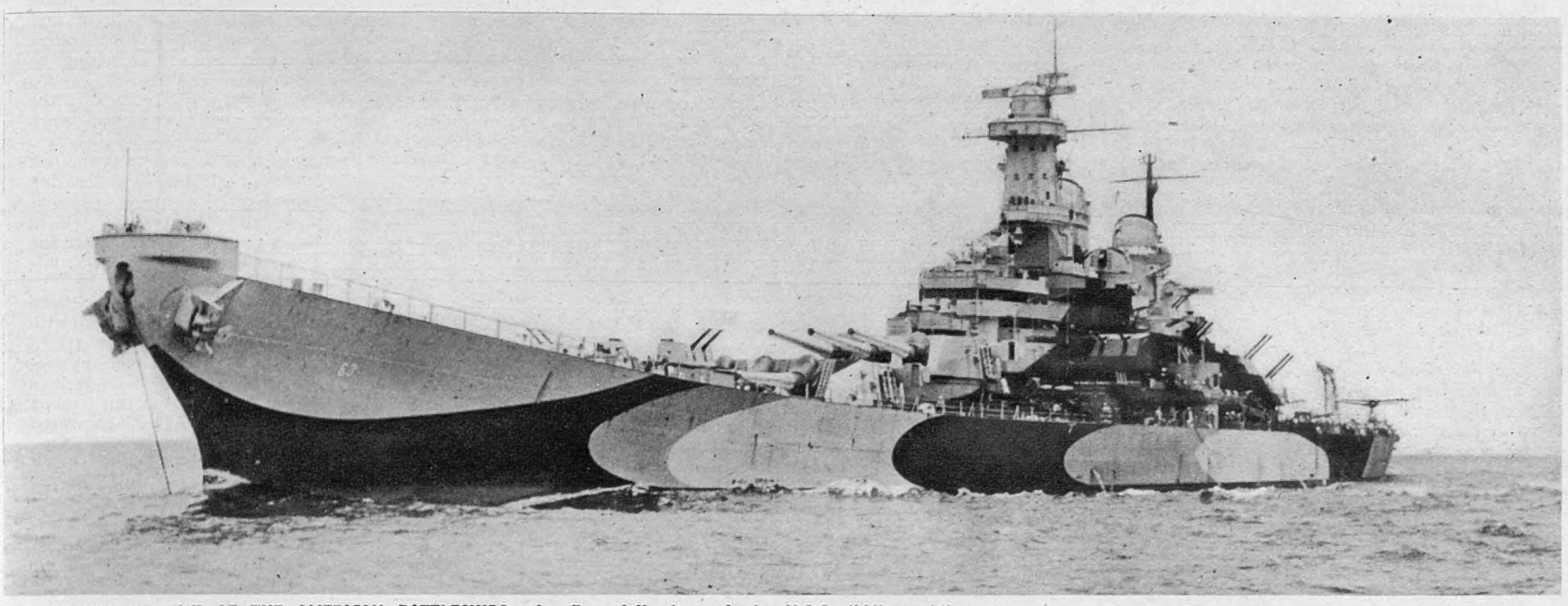
**AFTER THE NAVAL BATTLE OFF THE PHILIPPINES—a large Jap carrier of 20,000 tons (probably the "Zuikaki," of the Shokaku class) after bombing and torpedoing by carrier planes of the U.S. Pacific Fleet.** No aircraft are visible on the flight-deck, having probably been flown off the smoking ship. The vessel is on fire from stem to stern : she sank later, during the afternoon of October 24, east of the island of Luzon, in the Philippines, after one of the most disastrous battles ever experienced by the Japanese Navy



**ANOTHER JAP CARRIER MANŒUVRING VIOLENTLY to avoid the vicious attacks of Helldivers, Grumman Avengers and Hellcats.** She did not succeed ! This Japanese light carrier of the Zuiho class was sunk by aircraft launched by the Americans exactly one-and-a-half hours after this picture was taken, at the same spot as the carrier shown in the upper picture, and at the same time

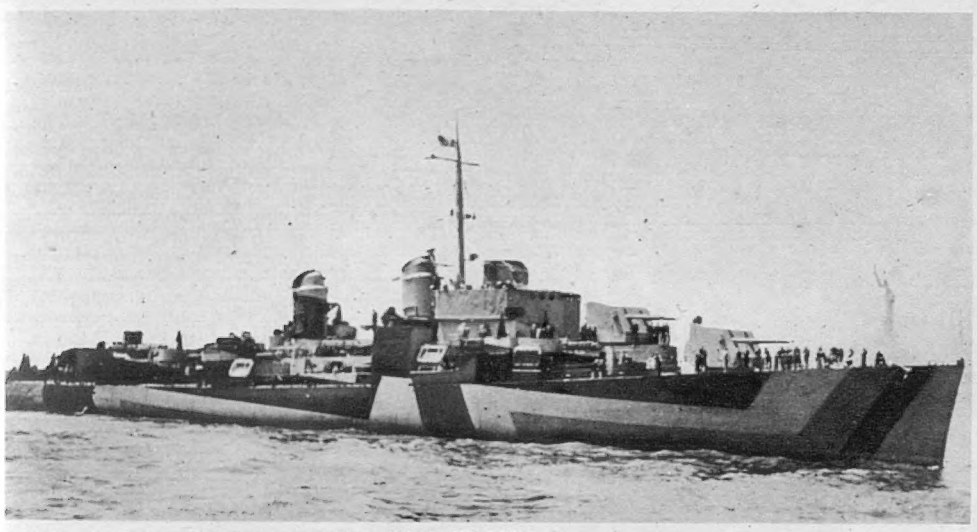


**IN THE PACIFIC BATTLE ZONE : The scene on the flight-deck of an American carrier as Curtiss Helldivers are lined up for take-off.** In the foreground is a 40-mm. battery : immediately behind this are two 5-in. gun turrets. On the "gallery" running along the left side of the ship are Marines with their 20-mm. weapons ready to repel any attack by enemy aircraft during the flying operations. Whilst being made ready for flight, the Helldivers are pegged down on the deck until the actual moment of take-off : this is a method which was first employed by the U.S. Fleet. The number of carriers now in operation against the Japs in all parts of the Pacific is very considerable indeed



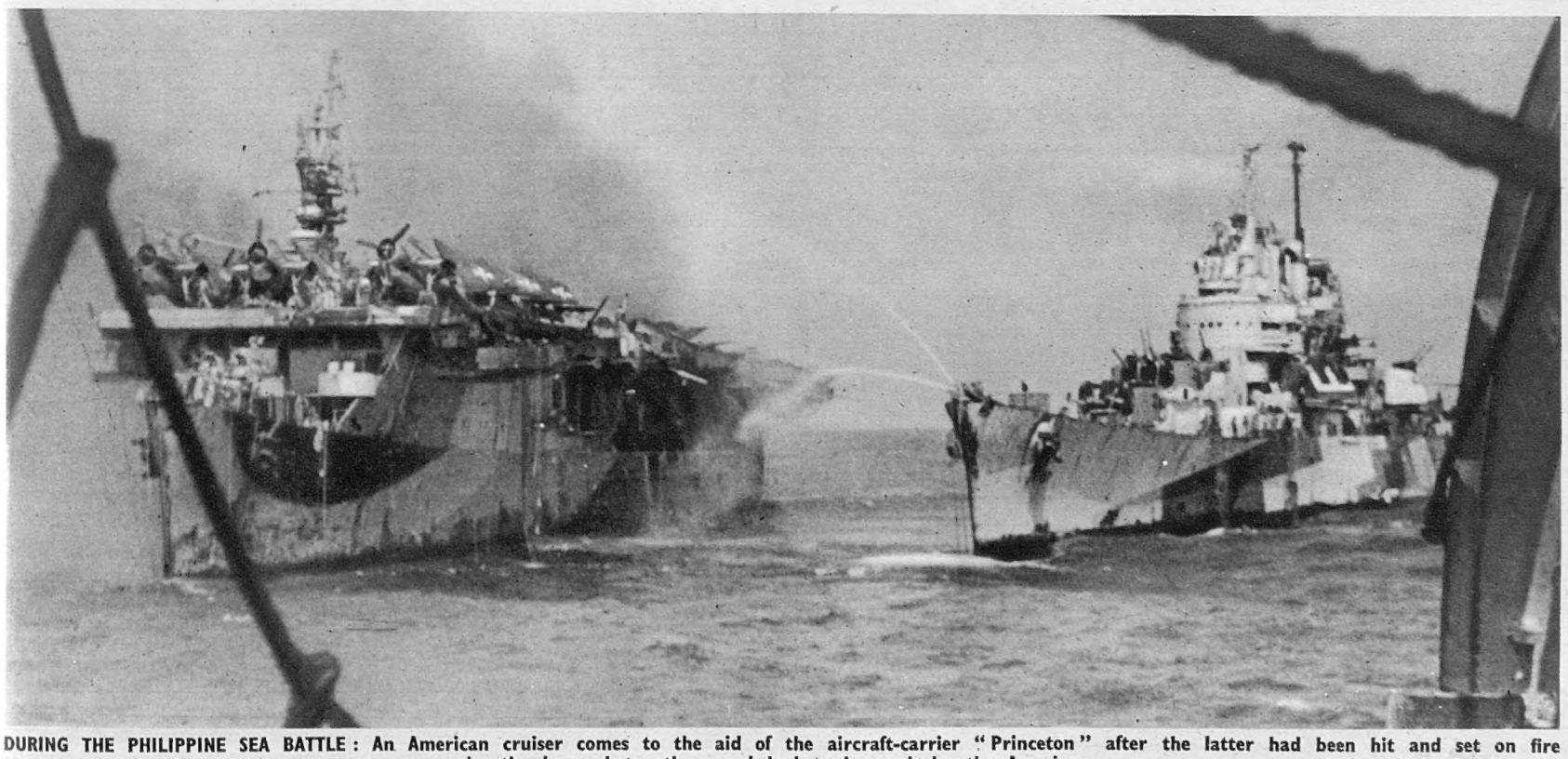
**ONE OF THE NEWEST OF THE AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS—the first full view of the U.S.S. "Missouri" to be released by the Navy, showing the new 45,000-ton vessel in her wartime camouflage**

Amongst the most up-to-date of all fighting ships, *Missouri* is one of the Iowa class of six ships, each of which has a standard displacement of 45,000 tons (52,600 tons full load). These vessels were all laid down during the years 1940-42, and most of them are known to have been completed and in active commission in the Pacific. *Missouri* was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on January 29, 1944. She is 860 ft. long, and has a beam of 108 ft.: her main armament consists of nine 16-in. guns, but she has 150 other weapons in addition. The speed of these vessels is given as 33 knots, but 35 has been unofficially reported. The inclusive cost of each is in the neighbourhood of 92,000,000 dollars



**A NEW "SUPER-DESTROYER" MAKES ITS TEST RUN:** This is one of the new 2,200-ton Allen M. Sumner class, which are stated to be faster than any destroyers previously constructed and to have a larger radius of action. The type is distinguished by its clean lines and heavy armour, and combines more power and more manœuvrability than any former craft. The cost of each is reported to be 8,000,000 dollars—exclusive of armament and certain other items. When this picture was taken, the destroyer was making a test run past the Statue of Liberty (right background) in waters near New York City

**A U.S. CARRIER TAKES ON BOMBS AT SEA:** Heavy bombs are here being lowered from a supply vessel in the Pacific on to the already crowded deck of an aircraft-carrier. The delivery of bombs, ammunition and supplies while the carrier is still at sea saves valuable time which would otherwise be taken in reaching harbour. Supplies were delivered in this manner during the U.S. Third Fleet's attack on Formosa and the Philippines



**DURING THE PHILIPPINE SEA BATTLE: An American cruiser comes to the aid of the aircraft-carrier "Princeton" after the latter had been hit and set on fire by the Japs. Later the vessel had to be sunk by the Americans**

When the U.S. Third and Seventh Fleets forced the Japs into action in Philippine waters, they wrought terrible havoc amongst the enemy. The American losses were light. But one of the casualties was the light fleet carrier *Princeton*: this 10,000-ton vessel was hit by a bomb which caused a bad fire. Later her magazine blew up, and the ship was so badly damaged that she had to be sunk. The complement of these carriers is about 1,500: her captain, 113 other officers and 1,227 of her crew were saved. This picture was taken after the *Princeton* had been hit: it shows a cruiser pouring streams of water into the stricken vessel after the carrier's crew had been taken aboard. The small group of planes still on the flight-deck (which presumably were lost when the vessel was sent to the bottom), had been launched earlier in the day against the Japanese. The *Princeton* was a converted light cruiser: she was commissioned in February 1943 as one of a class of nine, of which she is the first to be lost. The speed of these vessels is 33 knots, and they accommodate fifty to sixty aircraft

# A NEW CHAPTER IN RHINE HISTORY

**Where for Centuries "Occupation has been a Normal Situation for Their Provinces and Liberty the Exception."**

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE Germans had signified their surprise at French recovery prior to General de Tassigny's sweep through the Belfort Gap to the Rhine. Now that powerful French armoured forces have the option of attacking northwards up the Rhine Valley, historic invasion route from Alsace into the Bavarian Palatinate, through Landau, Speyer, Ludwigshaven and Worms to Mainz itself, the Germans must be thinking of the last time the French were in these parts and how their unexpected reappearance transforms the position in regard to the entire left bank of the Rhine.

For it is clear enough that the Germans never expected France to become sufficiently revived during this war to participate tellingly in its closing stages. If the worst came to the worst in the West, the Germans reckoned they would be confronted by the British and Americans. There would be a good chance of making some Rhine arrangement with them, which in the course of years would be watered away, finally to become a wash-out. (Even as the last Occupation was hastened to its early close by Locarno, launched but six years after official peace.)

Erroneous as that calculation may have been, now that the French have firmly planted themselves once more on the Rhine and been acclaimed by the Russians as the main future western wardens of Germany, it is plain that a new chapter in Rhine history opens. The French will never again allow themselves to be pushed out, as they were last time, and for that there is other Allied guarantee besides Russian; not least British.

In order to arrive at the French state of mind to-day, it is necessary to cast back to the circumstances in which the Tricolour was hauled down. Taken in by Stresemann's "finessing" and harassed by foreign criticism, the French left Mainz 14½ years ago, and they did so with foreboding.

The ultimate scenes are, perhaps, worth recalling. At the end of June 1930 only the 8th Infantry Battalion remained. I pulled into a hot and heavy last week-end, during which Germans did not cease pouring into Mainz by car, rail, Rhine steamer, and on foot—very many of the last-named, the bronzed and rücksacked of both sexes. All was suppressed excitement and beflagging and the hanging of illuminations. A smattering of French officers and soldiers sat in overcrowded cafés, sipping a last "glass-bier." For all the notice their neighbours took of them they might not have been there.

I talked to one or two of the *poilus*, and their spirits were not high. Like France herself at that time, they felt lonely and misunderstood. Here they were, clearing out five years before they need have done. What greater earnest possible of their good intentions? Yet not a glance, not a smile! All that French journalists in quest of "good feeling" could report was a stiff Franco-German visit to the military cemetery, eternal stand-by of the dead. It hid from nobody that "Hitler's bands," as they were then called, stood ready to leap into the freed zone and shake their fists at the French frontier.

In the Grand Ducal Palace on the last evening General Guillaumat received me to the thud of hammering. "If I asked them about all this premature and illegal festooning," said the C.-in-C., "they would answer that it was the feast of St. Peter, or that some Bund was due to arrive." The General, a plump, pale, white-moustached officer with vivid dark eyes, gathered his thoughts, then went on:

"I know well that they speak of deliverance in connection with our departure. If they paid more attention to their history, they would appreciate that for centuries occupation has been a normal situation for their provinces and liberty the exception. French, Austrians, Prussians have in turn been the masters here. It was for Maréchal d'Isle that this palace was built. Still, we are leaving. What they most reproach us with is that we are leaving behind us a spirit of indiscipline! Well, let us hope they at least will not reproach us with having taught the pretty Rhenish ladies how to dress themselves! What is serious, though, is that we are leaving behind a people badly organised for politics, an uneducated public opinion, a popular mass which may adhere to the most bizarre programmes."

The final mounting of the guard showed how tense was French feeling. "My children," said Guillaumat in a low voice, "you are the last who will come here. You were children when the war started. You feel as I do, that this day is unforgettable . . ." Here the General's voice became strangled and tears coursed down his cheeks. To British eyes, it seemed exaggerated until one recalled what Mainz meant to the French Army. Had not Mangin, on arrival in November 1918, ordered the spearhead's colours to be dipped in the brown, swirling waters of the Rhine?

Salute to Hoche! Salute to Marceau! Salute to Augereau, Kléber! Salute to Custine, Lefèvre, Bernadotte, Davout, Jourdain, Ney! Salute to France! Salute to *Gloire*! For a score years, from 1794 to 1814, the French had tried hard to assimilate the vital Mainz barrier-land, and not without some success. The Rhenish-Hessians were by no means overjoyed to be left to the tender mercies of Prussians and Austrians, and finally, after Sadowa, to Prussians only. Now here were the French having to leave once again, beaten or out-manœuvred anew.

A vast throng, mostly Germans, assembled outside the Palace for the final hauling-down of the Tricolour after more than eleven years. The French present kept gazing up at the last of the red, white and blue. The minutes dragged. At last Guillaumat appeared and he took the parade himself. A swift review, and then the General raised his eyes to the roof, whither all glances followed him. For full half a minute the soldier looked up. Then, drawing his sword, gave the word of command. "*Au Drapeau!*" Followed by "*Pour la France! 'La Marseillaise!*"

The hymn rang out; slowly the emblem of victory slid down the flagstaff; there was the click of countless cameras by the world's most zealous photographers; and then one roar arose from all those Germans and developed into "*Deutschland Ueber Alles.*" I shall never forget those two anthems going together that noon, the one of struggle, the other overbearing.

From that moment the attitude to the French changed, and the first to feel it was the General himself. He had said "I shall go in the last coach of the last train with the last of my troops," and now, as he lingered in the courtyard, German civilians sought to break in. Meanwhile, the last *poilus* were having no easy passage to the station. A splendid young battalion, whose white-gloved officers marched with drawn swords, they gave the appearance of being hustled along to a chorus of boos, hisses, catcalls and cries of "*Heraus!*" which almost drowned the Sambre-et-Meuse quick-march. Berlin papers claimed next day that the French had been "thrown out." Yet *Figaro* did write: "Our departure took on the nature of an exodus."

And when I got back to Paris that same night, the papers spoke the general misgiving. "A step into the unknown." "We never should have gone." "We couldn't help it." "We should have gone sooner." "They've paid little enough as it is, and borrowed most of that." Now that French troops may soon retread the Palatinate, it is fitting to examine the main criticisms which led to France abandoning her Mainz guarantee long before the circumstances warranted, as subsequent happenings were bitterly to prove.

1. That the French sought to break off the left bank of the Rhine by instigating repeated "Putsches." This is true, and the process fell in three phases. First, while the Peace Conference was still sitting, French generals on the Rhine used German puppets to present President Wilson with various *faits accomplis* purporting to show the local inhabitants as having self-determined themselves in favour of the French. On this fizzling out, there ensued a three-year period of attempted education of local Germans in the hope that they would agree to accepting France. In view of all the current talk of educating Germans, it is worth noting that this French experiment on much less damaged goods than the Nazis, was a complete failure. French art, letters, law, science, political economy, the humanities—all were shipped to the Rhine in the finest hands.

The final attempt at breaking off the Left Bank was concurrent with the occupation of the Ruhr. "Revolver parties" were sent around the Rhenish provinces to give the impression of a general rising, while the French hoped Germany's hopeless economic position would lessen its attraction to the Rhinelanders. But it did not.

It is now accepted that the least will be indefinite international control of the Left Bank, with the French naturally having the main say. The French do not chase after annexation, though they do not reject it. What they insist on is a permanent guard over Germany from the Rhine, which implies the end of German unity as contrived by Bismarck.

2. That the French went against their Allies' interests by marching into the Ruhr in search of reparations. It is now accepted that there will be no repetition of putting German industry on its feet again in uncontrolled form, and that the least will be an indefinite international control of the Ruhr, whether reparations are to come from it or not.

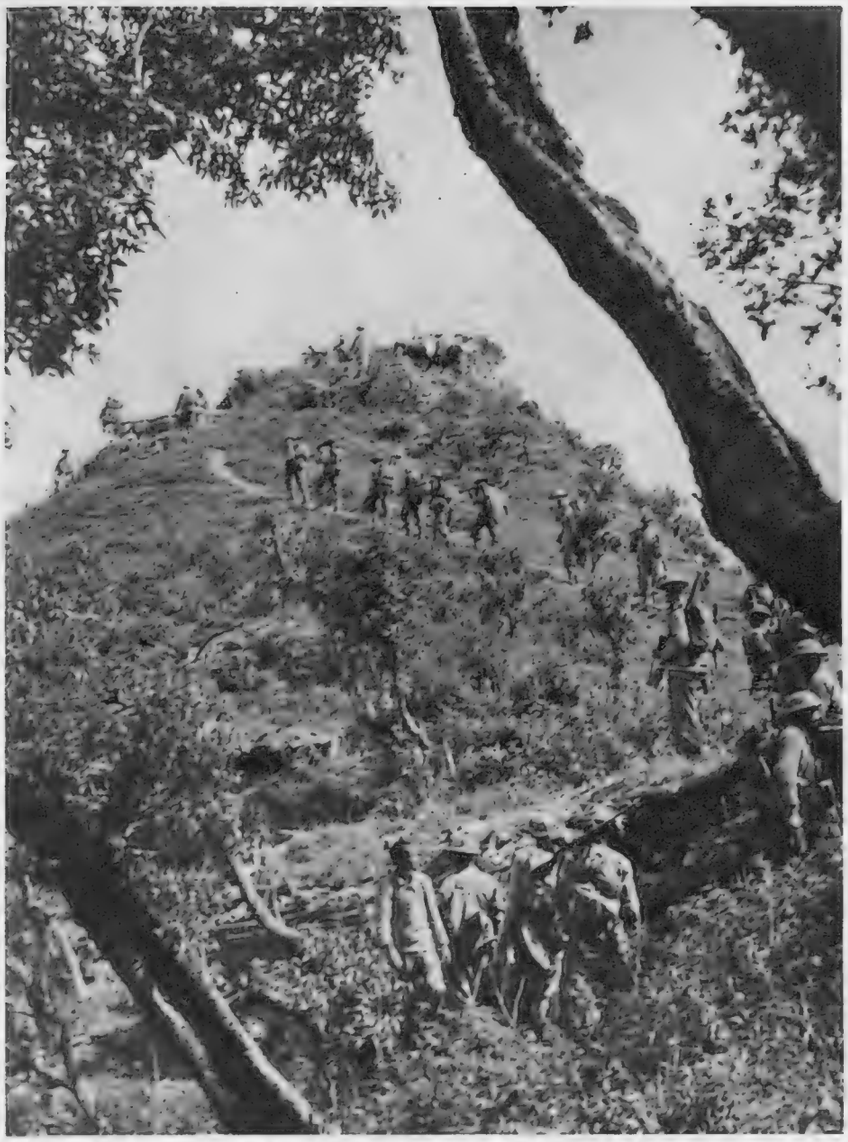
3. That the French shocked Western civilisation by introducing coloured troops into the occupation. Only 5,000 were negroes, the remaining 20,000 Arabs, nearly all had gone by 1920, and the American General Allen found that what the Germans alleged to be "the black horror" was preponderantly invention specially dressed up to attract American sympathy. Since then, many other negro troops have been brought to Europe, and it remains to be seen whether they will be moved to Germany. The French would find it very difficult not to use coloured troops in the occupation.

Clemenceau told Americans to their faces that "coloured troops were good enough to police Boches," while Poincaré was even more vehement to the writer. No sign of any French change of attitude is noticeable: on the contrary, the coloured troops, from the Goums down, having behaved admirably in battle, we may expect another argument over "policing whites with browns."

4. That the French "rubbed it in." They did. At first, all Germans had to bare their heads to officers; only French might use the main doors to stations, etc.; the Tricolour hung profusely and the "*Marseillaise*" became a ritual for German ears; parades were always being held and the paraphernalia of *gloire* trotted out; quartering and requisitioning were executed with a light hand and German labour had to build barracks; German newspapers, films, and books were rigidly censored; and *Kreis* officers kept close watch on the inhabitants.

To-day the expressed intentions of General Eisenhower and Marshal Stalin are to stand no nonsense. Laws and regulations imposed by conquerors will have to be rigidly obeyed. There is a complete departure from the "Jerry isn't a bad sort" mood beside which the stricter French attitude was judged in the past. The French have themselves said they are not after revenge, and that what they want is a practical security and system of reparation. They are unlikely to strut again in quite the same way as once they did; yet their strictness of yore looks like spreading to Allied armies.

**THIS, TOO, IS THE RHINE—THE RIVER WAAL AT NIJMEGEN, showing in the foreground the part of the town heavily damaged during the fighting for the great bridge seen in the background. Nine miles to the east of Nijmegen, the mighty River Rhine divides into two: the Waal is the larger branch, with Nijmegen as the chief town on its banks**



**INDIAN TROOPS CAPTURE KENNEDY PEAK : Key Japanese positions in Burma are now falling fast before the 5th Indian Division's advance beyond Tiddim and Fort White. This picture was taken when the Division captured Kennedy Peak, a hill summit 8,000 ft. up in the Chin Hills and of considerable strategic value**

**INDIAN AND AFRICAN TROOPS CAPTURE KALEMYO : A Reserve Company of the 5th Indian Division bringing up supplies to the advancing troops.** Advancing along the Tiddim-Kalemyo Road beyond Kennedy Peak and Fort White, in the Chin Hills, spearheads of the 5th Indian Division have now linked up with troops of the 11th East African Division, to occupy Kalemyo. The East Africans had made a 70-mile advance from Tamu, while the forward elements of the Indian Division, starting from the Imphal Plain at the height of the monsoon, had made a fighting advance of more than 200 miles. Kalemyo, a small town in the Kale Valley, was used by the Japanese as an important base in their operations against Manipur

## PICTURES from the BURMA JUNGLE

**SUPPLIES FOR THE SALWEEN FRONT : A ten-mule team draws a heavy Chinese howitzer over a mountainous road on its way to the fighting area at Lungling. The Chinese are now consolidating the position in Lungling recaptured early in November**

**CHINESE ENGINEERS CONSTRUCT A BRIDGE OVER THE MOGAUNG RIVER :** Carrying heavy timber in slings supported by poles on their shoulders, Chinese Army engineers are at work on the construction of a bridge over the Mogaung River, in North Burma. The project is part of the preparations for linking the Ledo and the Burma roads to provide a land supply route from India to China. The Japanese still block a junction of the main roads ; but dirt-track "feeder" routes have already been joined and are being used to transport small quantities of supplies

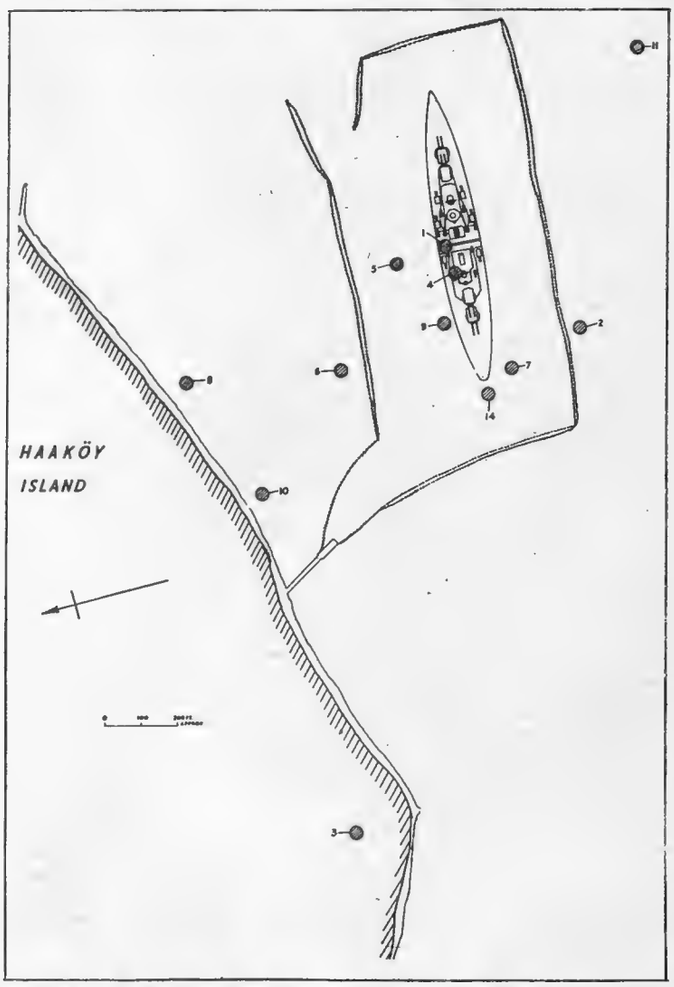
**AFTER THE MONSOON : Gurkhas, with rifles, grenades and fearsome kukris, set out on a Jap hunt mounted on a tank :** In the monsoon-washed Burma jungle, the Fourteenth Army have made military history. They have inflicted on the Japanese, who counted on their withdrawal, a major defeat. British soldiers were transported to the battlefront by air at the beginning of the monsoon, and for over three months fought and beat the Japanese under the world's most depressing conditions. It is improbable that one of these men has had dry clothing during the entire period—rain soaked ceaselessly through clothes and shelters ; and, in addition, the heat was intense. Now the rains have ended, and very soon the mountain roads will be thick with dust. Then both sides will brace themselves for the real "campaigning season"

**A RAID ON ENEMY SHIPPING IN A NORWEGIAN FIORD, carried out by rocket-firing Beaufighters. The aircraft achieved surprise by flying inland and then roaring down the side of a mountain from a totally unexpected direction**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

# SMASHING the GERMAN SHIPPING in NORWAY and HOLLAND

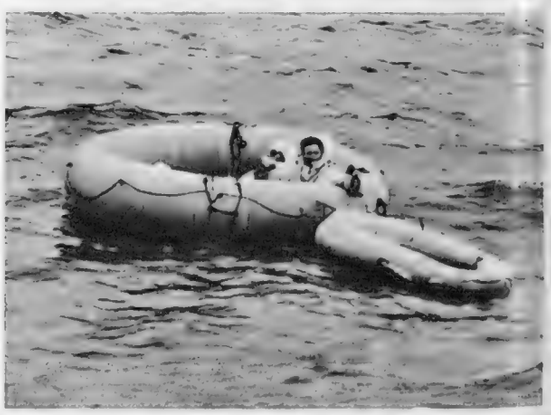
## Recent Battles at Sea and by R.A.F. Aircraft

Beaufighters of the R.C.A.F. recently scored another success against German shipping in Norwegian waters when they made a surprise attack on five enemy vessels in a fiord to the south of Stadlandet. An explosion occurred aboard one medium-sized ship, another was badly damaged, and a third was left burning. The surprise was achieved by flying inland and approaching the ships from that unexpected direction. The planes roared down the slopes of snow-covered, 8,000-ft. mountains to rake the ships with rocket and cannon fire, picking the biggest ones first




**THE "BOMB PLOT" OF THE "TIRPITZ" ATTACK, showing where most of the 12,000-pounders dropped by the twenty-nine Lancasters fell around and on the German battleship. Those which fell very wide of the mark are not shown here**—(*See note at right*)

***On left***—A long and expert examination of all the photographic evidence of the attack on the *Tirpitz* by R.A.F. Bomber Command Lancasters at Tromso on November 12, 1944, has enabled the photographic interpretation unit to confirm the complete success of this assault, which resulted in the capsizing of the battleship. The first hit was probably in the region of the port end of the athwartships catapult, and the second in the region of the after range-finder, while the near miss fell off the port quarter in the neighbourhood of the Y-turret. Experience of interpreting photographs taken in bombing operations has shown that it is not usually possible to plot more than half of the bombs dropped. In the attack on the *Tirpitz* sixteen of the twenty-nine 12,000-lb. bombs dropped have been plotted, but as only the after-part of the vessel is visible in photographs taken during the attack—and even that became rapidly obscured in smoke and explosions—more bombs may well have fallen on and near the target. At the time of the action, the Lancaster crews, it will be recalled, believed that three hits had been obtained on the ship. Besides dropping one 12,000-lb. bomb apiece, each of the attacking twenty-nine Lancasters took photographs of the operation, and, in addition, films were obtained by a Lancaster of the R.A.F. film unit. These films, which show the progress of the attack, have greatly aided the analysis of bomb-bursts and have helped to co-ordinate the individual photographic records



**AIRMEN RESCUED OFF THE DUTCH COAST:** After eight days' bobbing about the North Sea in a rubber boat, two airmen of the Royal Air Force are about to be picked up by an R.A.F. Sea-Air Rescue launch only 18 miles from the German-held coast of Holland. The castaways were the two-man crew of a Beaufighter, forced down at sea on a mission. They floated about in the small rubber dinghy for five days. Then they were spotted by an Allied aircraft, which dropped them the bigger boat in which they are shown. The men are Warrant-Officer Douglas Mann, New Zealand, and Flight Sergeant Don Kennedy, Lancaster

**A MIDNIGHT ACTION OFF THE COAST OF SOUTHERN NORWAY, WHEN TEN NAZI SHIPS WERE SUNK IN A CONVOY BATTLE. "Coloured tracer, interspersed with green and red distress signals, filled the air," as ship after ship went down from the broadsides of our cruisers and destroyers**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell.*

Just a few hours after the sinking of the German battleship *Tirpitz*, the Royal Navy practically wiped out a German convoy in a night battle 30 miles west of the Skagerrak, within range of German coastal batteries in Norway. The British force was composed of cruisers and destroyers under the command of Rear-Admiral Rhoderick McGrigor: the engagement lasted half an hour, at the end of which time only four blazing hulks remained out of eleven enemy ships totalling about 25,000 tons. Later it was announced that nine of the German ships had been blown up or sunk and one supply ship, or escort vessel, had been driven ashore. For nearly two hours, the force had been steaming southwards at high speed, when the convoy was spotted coming north: the night was perfect for a surprise attack—very dark, with good visibility and a calm sea. The enemy were taken completely by surprise. "Our first 8-in. broadsides hit the leading escort vessels," wrote a naval reporter on H.M.S. *Kent*. "I saw one rear out of the water, her screw turning idly. Then, silhouetted against the glowing sky, she slid bows-first under the water. By this time another vessel was blazing like a coke oven. The convoy scattered and began to fight back. Coloured tracer, interspersed with green and red distress signals, filled the air. Another ship was hit, evidently an ammunition-carrier. She exploded with a brilliant red flash." Soon vessels were blowing up or sinking all around

**MEN OF A CANADIAN ARMOURED UNIT FIGHT A "NAVAL" ACTION AMIDST THE DUTCH ISLANDS. The scene after the "battle," when three officers and forty men set off in a fishing schooner to inspect the damage to the German ships**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

A motorised battalion of the Lake Superior Regiment arrived in the neighbourhood of St. Philipsland, a small village in the peninsula to the north of the island of Tholen, in the Bergen-op-Zoom area. It was learned that if they went forward two miles to the point marked Sluis they would see across the strait some German gunboats and sailors. There was a German vessel of the corvette type and men in naval uniform in the harbour of Zijpe, at the eastern end of the island of Schowen. A scout platoon of the Regiment, two 6-pounders and two 3-in. mortars were brought up to Sluis, together with a troop of tanks belonging to the British Columbia Regiment. The enemy were then engaged over open sights. They replied with vigour, but after ten minutes opposition ceased. At dusk the next day, three officers and forty men set off in a fishing schooner. They found the naval commander's headquarters deserted and his dinner still warm. They took four prisoners; and when daylight came they found three ships sunk in the harbour by the previous day's fire and the corvette exploding, while an oil dump was going up in flames

**I—THE AMERICAN THRUST TO STRASBOURG: HOW THE U.S. SEVENTH ARMY APPROACHED THE RHINE by way of the Saverne Gap, whilst the French came up along the river from Mulhouse**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The Seventh U.S. Army made the dash for Strasbourg at the northern end of the Vosges Mountains, where the high ridge, rising with almost mountainous effect above the flat valley of the Rhine, tapers away into low foothills. The most northerly pass, or gap, is known as the Col de Saverne (Zabern on some maps). The attack was made by way of Saarebourg, on the main road to Saverne town, which lies in the gap. High, forest-clad hills descend from the south. When the Seventh Army forced the gap, the Germans reacted with a counter-attack from Phalsbourg, a position amongst the hills to the north. This attempt to cut the forward-moving columns was checked, and the advance to Strasbourg was continued down through the foothills by way of the main road. A striking rock feature (including some remains of an ancient monastery, known as the Hohbarr) rises abruptly above the town. From its upper gallery an astonishingly wide view of the neighbouring height of the Vosges and of the Rhine Valley can be obtained. Some lesser roads lead over the Vosges divide on to the Rhine plain. One of these routes goes through Dabo, the centre of a vast pine-forest region. Farther to the right are other roads and gaps, offering further ways towards the Rhine for the columns of the Seventh Army

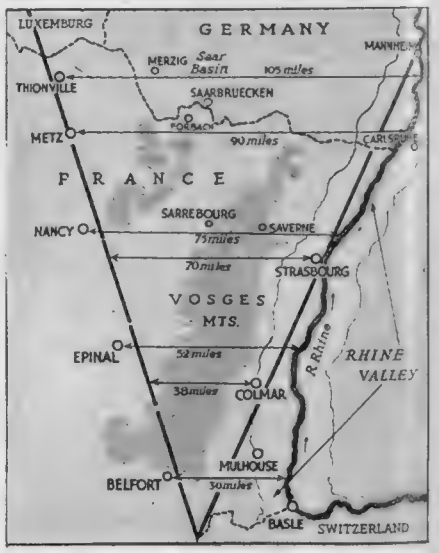
# The CLEARANCE of the VOSGES

## And the Approach to the Rhine In Three Big Thrusts

### The Southern Sectors of the 400-Mile Western Front

**FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS CAPTURE THE FORTRESS TOWN OF BELFORT and pass through towards Altkirch and Mulhouse. (One of the Belfort forts is seen in the background)**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

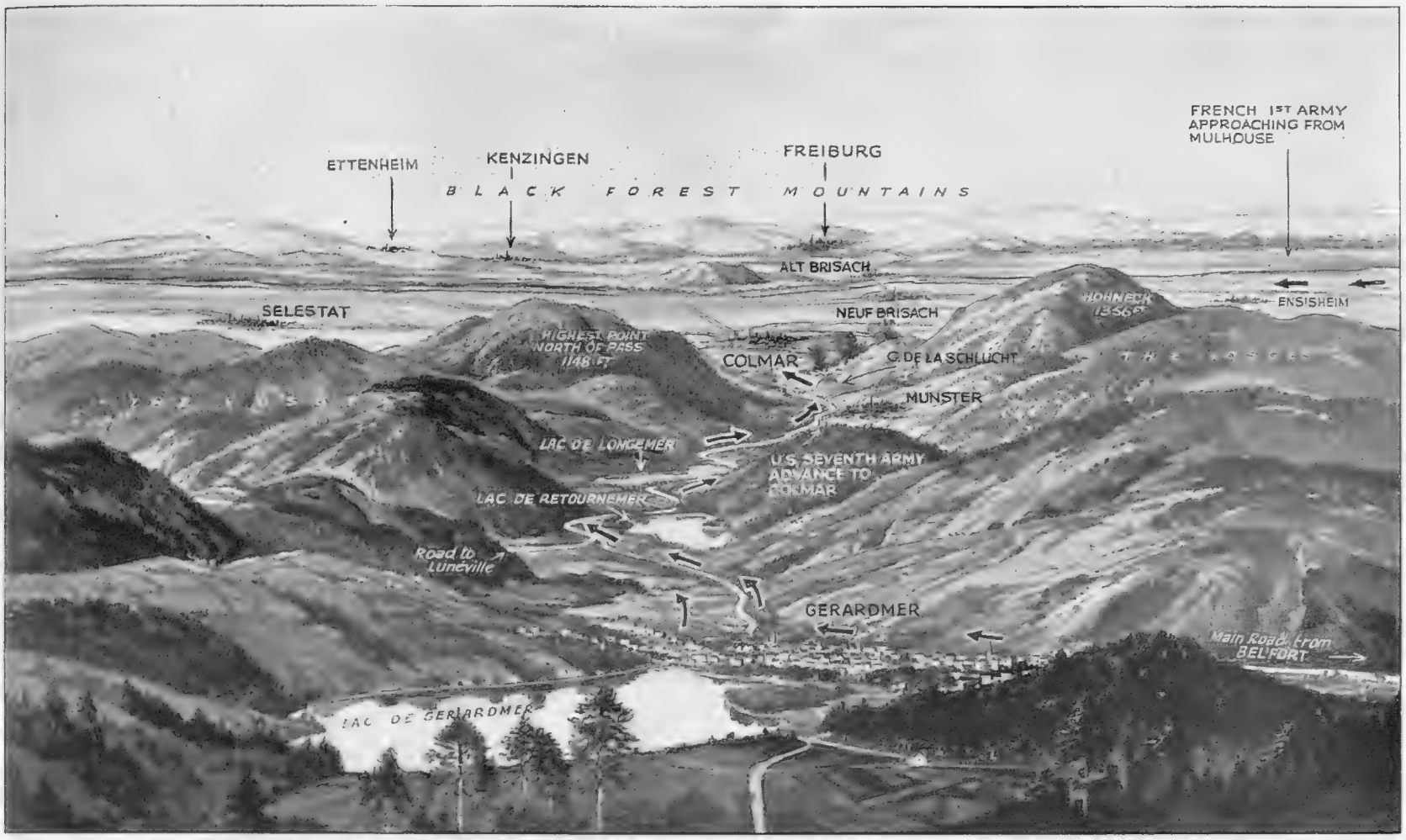
In forcing the Germans out of Belfort, with its ring of forts, the French had to effect the final capture of Montbeliard, a strong position on the road from Besançon. The French troops had already been working round, strip by strip, to positions north of Belfort, thus gradually enveloping it. The liberation of Belfort naturally means much to the French nation, for it was here that in 1870-71 an heroic defence against the Germans was made




**A KEY MAP OF THE VOSGES "TRIANGLE," showing distances to the Rhine and to the German border**

At the beginning of November the Germans had held a strong and almost straight line from Trier down to the Belfort Gap, with the Vosges Mountains protecting Alsace, that much-desired province which was incorporated into the Reich by Hitler after the fall of France in 1940. By November 25 all this had been lost to the enemy, who had been driven from Metz, the Vosges, Belfort, the southern part of Alsace, and even from Strasbourg, the fortress town on the Rhine, which had seemed far behind the fighting line almost to within a few days of its capture. This great change had been achieved by the powerful drive of the Sixth Army Group, comprising the Seventh U.S. Army under General Patch, and the First French Army under General de Lattre de Tassigny, operating from St. Die, in the Vosges, down to the Belfort Gap. The French Army began their offensive on November 15th, pressing along the River Doubs, which runs from Belfort to Châlons-sur-Saône. By November 19, the French were smashing their way through the Gap, having taken 10,000 prisoners, liberated Montbeliard and Delle, and entered the fortress town of Belfort, with its forts silenced. This famous fortress, which had held out against the Germans in 1870, had seventeen forts, chiefly guarding the approach from the east, but it fell to the French North African Corps,

While Belfort was being entered, the First French Armoured Division had chased forward to cut off the enemy at the Rhine (which they reached at Huningue, near Basle, and they also pushed through Altkirch to Mulhouse, whose outskirts they reached on November 20, occupying it two days later. Contrary to expectation, the struggle for Strasbourg was light; and the tricolour was soon flying on the Cathedral, while the Germans were trying to escape across the bridges over the Rhine to safety.




**2—THE SECOND GREAT THRUST THROUGH THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS: THE SEVENTH ARMY DRIVE TOWARDS COLMAR, through the Col de la Schlucht, after the capture of Gerardmer; in the distance, across the Rhine, is the famous and historic Black Forest**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The drive of the Seventh U.S. Army towards Colmar took the particular forces detailed for this penetration through a district of lakes and pinewoods well known to Continental travellers. The Seventh Army columns threaded their way up the western slopes of the Vosges towards Gerardmer. One could approach it by road from St. Die or by rail into the centre of the town, which in peacetime was a popular summer resort, with a casino and other distractions. After occupying Gerardmer (named after Gerard, first Duke of Lorraine), the Allied forces pressed on towards the gap into the high hills, known as the Col de la Schlucht, skirting the twin lakes of Retournemer and Longemer. The hills here close in on all sides, opening out when the gap itself is reached. The foothills extend some little distance towards Colmar, a very picturesque town, the coloured, gabled houses of which recall the more colourful towns of Holland. The Allied forces were reported to have crossed the flat valley of the Rhine as far as the gates of Colmar. News of the actual fall of the town was expected, but official corroboration of this was somewhat delayed

**3—THE FIRST FRENCH ARMY (mainly composed of Colonial troops) BREAKS THROUGH AT BELFORT TO MULHOUSE AND THE RHINE VALLEY. This is the most southerly sector of the 400-mile-long battlefront, which stretches down to the Swiss frontier**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

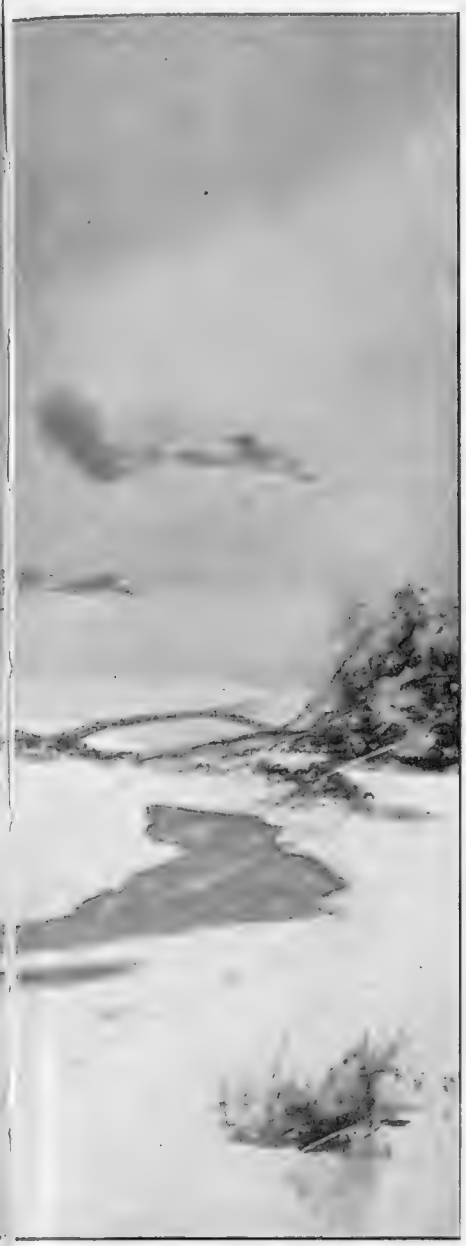
The capture of Mulhouse by the First French Army signalised the nature of the break-through which had been accomplished at Belfort. Once the French tank columns were loose upon the roads leading to the Rhine, the various German local forces and garrisons seemed to be unable to concentrate a co-ordinated defence. This dislocation was great enough to enable the French to capture the busy centre of Mulhouse and press on northwards towards Strasbourg. In the view given above, the town occupies the middle distance, the point of view being taken from the high ground to the east of the Rhine, which here flows as a more or less canalised stream, with a surrounding fringe of islets and subsidiary streams. Mulhouse itself is flanked by the great Rhone-to-Rhine Canal, and is organised as a kind of inland port. The town has a busy manufacturing quarter flanked by a branch canal. Cotton factories and machine-tool factories were conspicuous among a large number of busy works

# BATTLE PICTURES from HOLLAND and GERMANY

Specially Drawn by *Sphere* Artists to Depict Operations on the Western Front

**FIGHTING THROUGH THE GREAT HUERTGEN FOREST: MEN OF THE FIRST U.S. ARMY EMERGE INTO THE PLAINS BORDERING THE FOREST after heavy fighting in the woodlands lying to the south-east of Aix-la-Chapelle**—*Drawing by Edward Osmond.* After the capture of Aachen, or Aix-la-Chapelle, by the Americans, the infantry were confronted with the great Huertgen Forest, through which they had to force a way towards Cologne and the Rhine. The fighting in this densely-wooded area was fierce and unremitting—by night as well as by day. The woodland villages were particularly tough nuts to crack, and elsewhere pill-boxes and "foxholes" had been constructed by the Germans to hold up the advance. Finally, the Americans emerged on the northward side, while the way southward out of the forest was still barred. The first snows of winter have already fallen in this area

**PART OF THE TECHNIQUE EMPLOYED BY THE BRITISH ARMY DURING NIGHT OPERATIONS IN HOLLAND: The system of "artificial moonlight" created by batteries of mobile searchlights to blind the enemy while a ticklish operation is being undertaken by the land forces. At the same time, the infantry are aided by the reflected light from the sky. In this case, one of the many rivers near Bergen-op-Zoom had to be crossed during an outflanking movement in South Holland. To conceal the ferrying operations, the searchlights were switched up into the clouds. Similar devices are employed by our armies on the Italian front**—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*



**THE FLOODED SECTIONS OF THE BRITISH FRONT IN HOLLAND: Guiding a Second Army convoy by night along a road flooded by the rains and by the bursting of the Dutch dykes and dams**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Conditions along the Second Army's front in Holland have been described as "deplorable." The snow which fell a few days ago has mostly melted, but frequent showers of sleet have been sweeping down from the hills around Huertgen, and the whole world has been dripping and sodden. The rough country tracks and secondary roads are deep in mud and pitted with holes due to shells, mines and the wear and tear of traffic. In certain parts, the rivers have overflown, and flooding has also occurred as a result of burst dykes and dams. The task of getting the convoys through has been difficult, especially at night. In the drawing above, our artist has depicted a typical scene during one such operation

*Below*—**DURING THE FLIGHT FROM METZ: German convoys fleeing eastwards towards Germany are caught by Allied aircraft, with disastrous effects**—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* When the Germans decided—as a "panic" measure—to pull out of Metz, air reconnaissance pilots reported that some fifty to sixty convoys, moving bumper to bumper, were heading for the German frontier. Many of the columns were horse-drawn, some even containing ox-drawn carts. The Allied planes literally slaughtered them, strafing day and night throughout the period of withdrawal. The aircraft seen in this picture are Typhoons: these not only attacked the convoys, but also made onslaughts on the German hill-top forts erected to guard the roads

# What the V2 ROCKET SHELL Looks Like

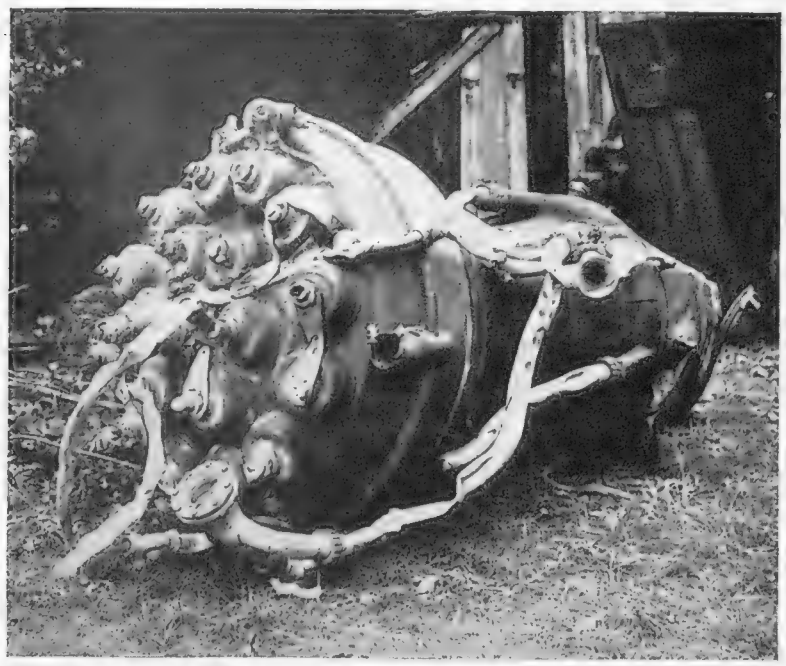
## And a Descriptive Diagram-Drawing of the Stratosphere Through Which It Flies

The five photographs reproduced here were taken in Belgium and in Southern England, where portions of the V2, or rocket shell, have recently been found. As our readers know, this is the stratosphere weapon now being discharged from sites thought to be located in North Holland and Germany and directed at Southern England and Belgium.

The rocket shell is now believed to be 46 ft. long and to vary between 2½ ft. and 5 ft. in diameter: it weighs about 15 tons, and can be fired from a road surface. After the fuel has been pumped into the rocket, the gas formed is emitted by the vent-tubes: when the gas pressure exceeds the weight of the rocket, it leaves the ground in a vertical climb at a speed of some 20 miles a minute. After a minute's upward flight, the shell is turned to an angle of 45 deg. by radio control from the ground: it then continues to climb to a height of 55 miles and at a speed of 3,000 m.p.h. It falls at the rate of 3,700 ft. per second and at a speed of 2,000 m.p.h.—much faster than that of sound.

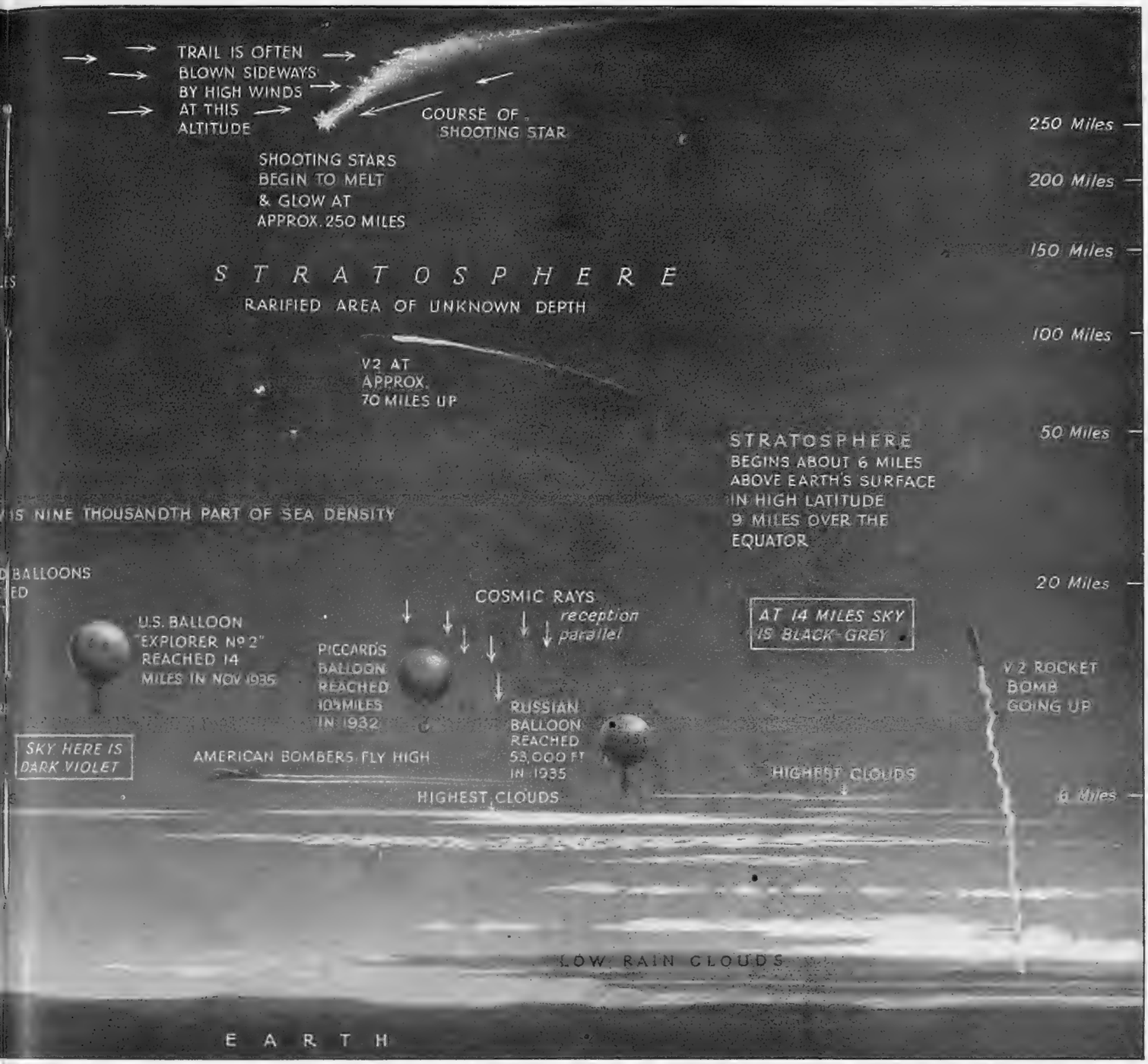
The warhead weighs one ton and only occupies a comparatively small section of the whole shell. The whole device is of most intricate design, in which the newly-applied jet-propulsion principle plays a large part.

**FOUND IN A FIELD IN BELGIUM: The jet unit of a rocket shell. The bent metal pipes on the side carry oil and are part of the hydraulic system which alters the flight of the rocket at a certain height by means of radio operated from the ground**



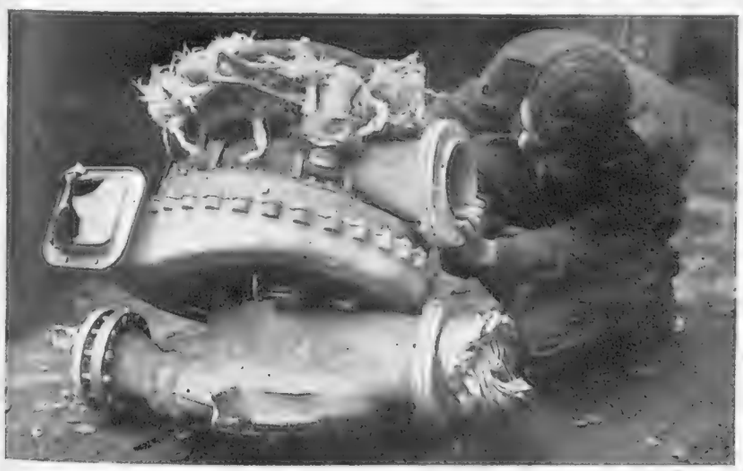
**THE TOP OF THE COMBUSTION CHAMBER OF A V2: At the left are the jets through which the mixed fuel is forced during flight. This portion of a rocket bomb fell in Southern England**

**THIS INTRICATE PORTION OF THE ROCKET is apparently a combined fuel-control and liquid-oxygen pump** (see *diagram on page 290 of this issue*)**. It came down in Belgium and was later inspected by Field-Marshal Montgomery**




**CHARACTERISTICS OF THE STRATOSPHERE, THE RAREFIED UPPER ATMOSPHERE THROUGH WHICH THE ROCKET SHELL FLIES. This diagram-drawing outlines some of the many wonderful features of this strange region, which is still only imperfectly understood**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Very great interest attaches at the present time to the upper section of the earth's atmosphere—*the stratosphere*. It is through this section that the new V rockets pass during part of their flight. The stratosphere region is separated from the lower atmosphere by a narrow layer—it may be described as a kind of thin sheet—*the tropopause*. This is not encountered at the same height above the earth's surface everywhere. In northern latitudes, it is reached at a height of about 6 miles. In the tropics, it is some 9 miles high. Entering the *stratosphere region* (its depth is uncertain), one encounters great cold—60 deg. Fah. above the polar regions, and 90 deg. Fah. above the tropics. No clouds form in this region, although some kind of rarefied atmosphere extends up to about 250 miles from the earth's surface. This is argued from the fact that falling meteorites become fused at about that height. Their flowing trails reveal another characteristic of the stratosphere—the pressure of high winds. How far these are blowing continuously in all regions of the stratosphere has not yet been determined with certainty. The trails of meteorites are evidently blown out by high winds, giving them a comet-like appearance. Another feature of the stratosphere which has been carefully examined has been the presence of cosmic radiation from outer space. How far it increases in activity in the stratosphere is no academic question, for this "bombardment" might assume proportions giving unknown results. Unmanned balloons with instruments have been sent up to 100,000 ft. in order to find out to what extent the cosmic bombardment increases. The atmosphere evidently acts as a protective absorbent medium. Professor A. Piccard made a first ascent to the stratosphere in 1932, using an enclosed globe as a cabin. He was followed by others: Captain Stevens, in the United States, reached 14 miles in a special car attached to the balloon Explorer II. Both the aeroplane and the rocket have used the stratosphere as a medium for flight at high speeds



**THE FUEL-CONTROL PUMP OF THE V 2. It consists of a liquid-oxygen pump on top, a turbine in the centre and a petrol-fuel pump below. The turbine is driven by pressure created by the mixture of permanganate and peroxide—the same force that launches the flying bomb from a ramp**

**THE PEROXIDE TANK OF A ROCKET SHELL: The function of this portion is still being studied by the experts. It appears to be of precise workmanship**

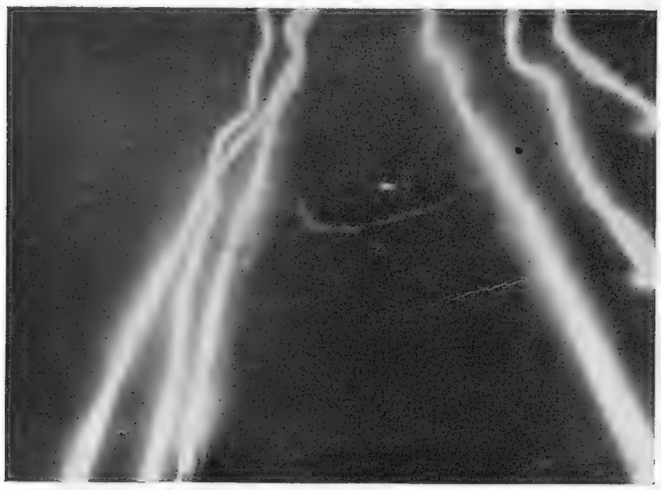
# ATTACKING the GERMAN OIL RESOURCES

## And Other Recent Pictures of the War in the Air

**CLOSE-UP OF A STRANGE AIRCRAFT:** It is the Me. 163 rocket-propelled German fighter, which closely resembles a bat. It was taking evasive action from the guns of an Eighth Air Force Thunderbolt fighter during a recent aerial combat over Germany, which resulted in the Messerschmitt being shot down. These new German planes have been built on the "flying wing" principle, are propelled by rockets and are now used only for defence purposes

**THE TRAIL OF A V-2 ROCKET OBSERVED OVER GERMANY:** This unusual photograph shows the trail of a rocket shell launched by the Germans into the sky during the attack by the Eighth Air Force on Hamburg, Harburg and Nieumunster on November 6. The ragged shape of the trail is believed to be caused by irregularities in the course of the rocket. To the left of it are four other trails—in this case, caused by high-flying American fighters accompanying the bombers. The aircraft in the foreground is a B-17 Flying Fortress

**WHAT A JET-ASSISTED TAKE-OFF LOOKS LIKE: An American patrol bomber in the Pacific.** Like a zooming rocket, a twin-engined Mariner takes off at a Pacific base. The trailing smoke comes from the jet power-units now attached to the wings of ordinary aircraft to enable them to take off in half the time and half the space formerly required. Similar jet units are used on some carrier aircraft, so that heavier bomb and fuel loads can be carried



**A U-BOAT IS SUNK BY THE AID OF THE LEIGH LIGHT:** This picture was taken during a recent attack by a Coastal Command Liberator on a German submarine moving slowly through the sea. Flash photographs taken after the attack showed that the U-boat had vanished, leaving a circular patch with a white fringe and white centre, believed to be wreckage—as seen above. On either side of the picture are the wavy streaks of light caused by the Leigh light

**A V-2 ROCKET PLANT IN GERMANY IS WIPED OUT:** On August 24, the Eighth Air Force attacked the Weimar armament works, where the Germans were busy making rocket shells to fire at England. This is the result of the raid, as revealed by later reconnaissance; at the centre and to the right is the rocket plant, almost completely destroyed. Above it, in the upper right corner, is a radio factory which was severely damaged; the Gestapo offices between the rocket plant and radio factory were also hit; and at the very top of the picture is a concentration camp, of which some buildings were also affected during the raid

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF A FORMATION FLIGHT OVER GERMANY BY AMERICAN HEAVY BOMBERS AND THEIR ESCORTING FIGHTERS. The targets in this case were the enemy's oil in the Hamburg area, railroads in the Duisburg area and vital military objectives in Western Germany—the prelude to the thunderous attack on November 6, on which day approximately 1,100 American heavy bombers struck terrific blows at Reich targets. In the picture, the bombers have adopted the close formation for which the daylight raiders are noted, and are flying in tiers for mutual protection. In the upper right-hand of the picture, the leading members of another formation, flying at a much higher level, are just coming into view

LIBERATORS UNLOADING THEIR BOMBS ON NAZI OIL REFINERIES DURING A RAID ON THE RHENANIA-OSSAG AND EBANE OIL REFINERIES IN HAMBURG. The Second Bombardment Division of the Eighth Air Force struck at the refineries through partial cloud-cover on November 21. On this day, British and American aircraft, probably numbering 3,000 in all, hammered at a number of oil-producing plants in Central and Western Germany and in the Ruhr : amongst the planes were 1,250 Fortresses and Liberators, escorted by over 1,100 Mustangs, Thunderbolt and Lightning fighters. Forty of the bombers and seventeen fighters were lost, and eighty of the German planes were shot down. The cloud-like streaks in this picture are vapour trails left by the American fighter planes as they guarded the "heavies"

**THE FIRST SNOWS COME TO ITALY: a patrol of British riflemen returning to their positions. Soft hats are worn in preference to steel helmets, for warmth.** Italy had its first serious fall of snow on the night of November 9, when a heavy storm raged over the Fifth Army front. The following morning, Monte Loro, a British forward position in the hills, was covered with snow. Since the invasion of Italy many thousands of British troops have discovered that their own country, despite its more northerly position, can be much more clement than the vaunted "Sunny South"

**A NIGHTMARE ADVANCE THROUGH THE APENNINES: Scottish troops manhandling rations across a precarious bridge**

# BEHIND THE FIGHTING LINES ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

## New Pictures of Fifth and Eighth Army Activities

British First Division troops of the Fifth Army in Italy are fighting in some of the most difficult country in Europe in their push through the Apennine Mountains to Bologna and the Lombardy Plains. The crooked route, ironically known as the Arrow Route, winds through jagged peaks, over swollen mountain streams (where the bridges are frequently swept away by the torrents), and often degenerates into track a yard broad and knee-deep in mud, where guns and jeeps get bogged and even bulldozers stick. Supplies for troops in the mountain positions have to be brought by mules or else manhandled by the men themselves

**BRITISH UNITS IN THE MIDDLE EAST SEND MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO ITALY. Sets of portable surgical instruments, sufficient for a doctor to carry out most operations in the field, being assembled and packed:** Though many hundreds of miles from the actual battle front, British Army units in the Middle East are playing an essential part in the Italian campaign. One of these units, composed almost entirely of R.A.M.C. personnel, is operating near Cairo and providing field hospitals and field ambulances with medical supplies ranging from pins and bandages to complete X-ray units.

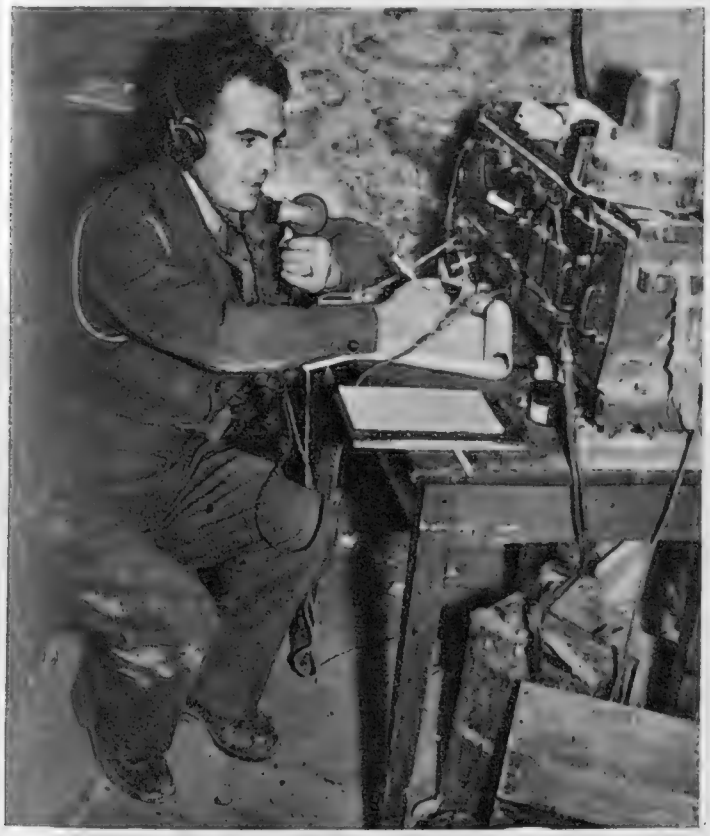
**A CAMP FOR BRAZILIAN TROOPS IN ITALY:** An aerial view of the Staging Area near Pisa for troops of the Brazilian Expeditionary Forces, which are part of the Allied Fifth Army under General Mark Clark. The Brazilian soldiers, first to represent a South American nation in a European war, are in action at the western end of the line across Italy. Their contingent consists of air, infantry and artillery units

**BASUTO SOLDIERS ON THE EIGHTH ARMY FRONT: a group of their British officers outside the Command Post—Captain R. Gillott, Captain Holdsworth, Captain Walker-Arnott, and Lieut. Farquharson.** Nearly half of the personnel at a British Mountain Regiment of the Royal Artillery serving in Italy are Basuto-Africans from a small Colonial territory situated 100 miles inland from Durban. The Basuto soldiers are responsible for keeping the Army mules fit for work—a skilled, full-time job. Designed to be able to operate from mountain positions inaccessible even to jeeps, the Regiment carries everything on its mules

**THE "PIG AND WHISTLE"—a corner of Old England set on an airfield in Eastern Italy:** A South African Air Force Liberator squadron in Eastern Italy has as its officers' mess a replica of an old English inn—"The Pig and Whistle"—built in a few weeks at a cost of five shillings. The "Pig and Whistle" has expert thatching on its low roof, the walls are of wood and plaster, and inside there are beams—blackened with aircraft "dope" paint and very much worm-eaten—to give the authentic atmosphere. The floor is laid in brick; at the fireside there is a high-backed settle and there are the usual English public-house indoor games. The inn was originally built by an Anti-Aircraft Unit, and was recently taken over by the Liberator Squadron, by whom it is much appreciated

**AN R.A.F. MAGNETIC RUNWAY SWEEPER : The "snifter" is being set for use by Flight Lieut. N. R. Campey (of Wembley) whilst Squadron Leader R. T. Morison (of Parkstone) looks on**

**THE EXTRAORDINARY VARIETY OF PIECES OF METAL picked up by the daily sweeps of the magnetic machine—jagged bomb-splinters, bullets, rusty nails and bits of tin :** The engineering staff of an R.A.F. Wellington squadron on an airfield in Southern Italy have invented a magnetic sweep, used for detecting and gathering metal from the runways. Tyre damage was becoming a serious problem for the Wellingtons, for the airfield had been heavily bombed by the Allies before it was captured, and pieces of fragmentation bombs were strewn over the runway and dispersal areas. Many pieces had sunk into the ground and had gradually worked to the surface, badly ripping the bombers' tyres. The squadron's engineers hit upon the idea of combing the runways and dispersals with a large mobile magnet. Hooked to the back of a jeep, and powered by two generator sets, the "snifter"—as the engineers christened their device—is pulled slowly along, combing to a width of about 4 ft. It has already picked up thousands of pieces of metal



**HOW SOUND-RANGING TROOPS WITH THE FIFTH ARMY SPOT THE GERMAN GUNS : a Lance-Bombardier operating the wireless set which is used when the telephone cable is out of commission. The post is in the abandoned village of Rioveggio.** When the report of an enemy gun reaches a listening-post in the forward area, a man on duty presses a button which starts the recording machine of a Sound Ranging Unit at H.Q. At the recording machine, the electrical impulse causes a wire to vibrate. The use of a number of microphones gives a number of bearing lines, and where they intersect on the map is the position of the enemy gun. If enemy shell-fire cuts the telephone cable from the listening-post to the recording centre, the listening-post immediately switches over to wireless and gives the order for the recording machine to be started

**IN THE LISTENING-POST in the heavily shelled and mortared village of Rioveggio : a gunner (on right) reading the film and calling out the results to the plotter on the left**

THE AMERICAN ARMY CONSTRUCTION CAMP nestles in the shelter of a snow-covered hill, as some protection from the icy weather. Wooden conduits ringing the camp are steam-heated to prevent the water- and sewage-pipes from freezing in the bitter cold

# IN ICY GREENLAND

## U.S. Engineers Construct Bases for Wartime Use

*—A Great Feat Carried Out Under the Worst Weather Difficulties*

Fighting a winning battle against ice and storms and bitter cold, American Army engineers have been transforming the Arctic island of Greenland into an advanced battle base. The 834,000 square miles of this desolate spot are covered with an ice-cap a mile thick, contain no trees and little vegetation, and are visited by icebergs as large as small towns. Nevertheless, the engineers have managed to build dry-docks, construct pre-fabricated airfields and establish unloading facilities for transport ships. Their work has gone on even during the winter months.

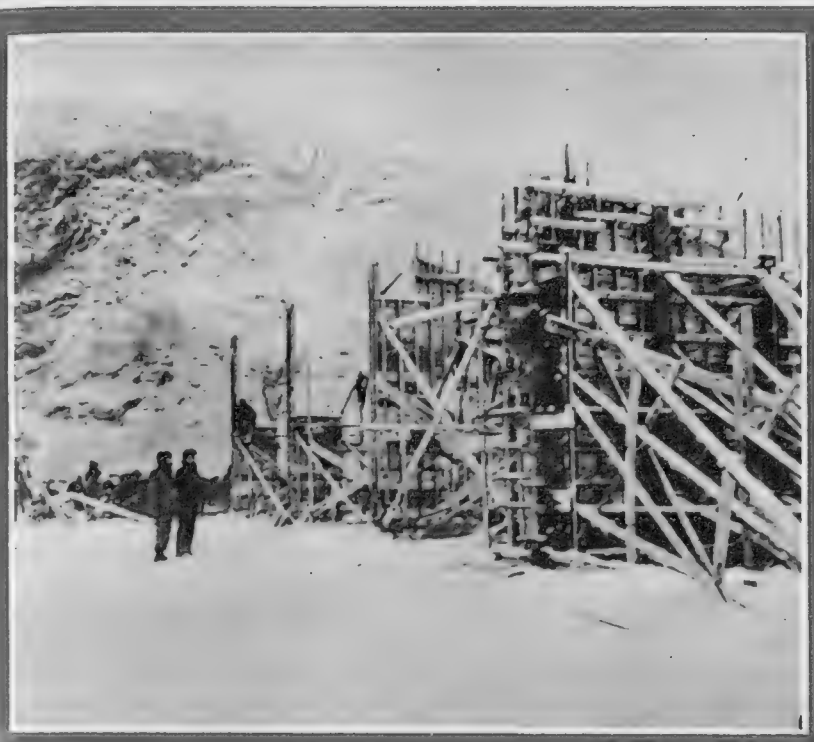
SUPPLIES FOR THE GREENLAND BASES built by the U.S. engineers are brought ashore in barges loaded from transports anchored in the fiords. Blocks of ice float in the inlet, which is rimmed by snow-swept peaks

AN IMPROVISED DRY-DOCK IS ENCIRCLED WITH EARTHEN DYKES, breached at the far end so that a ship can be floated in at high tide. The timbers are the foundation for a flat-bottomed ship

PRE-FABRICATED PLANKING IS LAID FOR TEMPORARY USE at an airbase, while a bulldozer does the final levelling of the permanent airstrip. Civilian contractors built this base under the supervision of American Army engineers in Greenland

A LANDING-STRIP OVERLOOKED BY RUGGED MOUNTAIN PEAKS. Snow does not have to be removed from the strips by any mechanical means, as it is swept away by the powerful, icy Arctic gales

AN OIL-BARGE IS MOORED DIRECTLY OVER A FLOORING OF TIMBERS IN THE DRY-DOCK constructed on the island of Greenland. The ships are floated into the dock at high tide, when the temporary dyke in the background is removed. The flooring which serves as the dock bottom is seen in the upper picture



ENGINEERS BUILDING FORMES FOR THE MAKING OF CONCRETE DURING THE WINTER IN GREENLAND, where the lowest temperatures in the world are found in the island's interior. Readings of 90 degrees below zero have been recorded in the frozen wastes

WORKING IN THE MIDST OF A GALE DURING THE ARCTIC NIGHT—U.S. engineers (in special protective clothing) drill through the icy rock preparatory to placing demolition charges for excavation

SPECIAL STRUCTURES such as these enable the engineers to pour concrete even during the winter months of bitter cold

A CRANE TRAVELS THE LONGEST ROAD ON THE ISLAND. It is 13 miles in length and winds between jagged, snow-swept humps. Along this road travel the cars and lorries employed by the engineers in their constructional work

STEAM, PIPED UNDER TARPAULINS, allows the concrete to be poured when the outside temperature might be ranging between 25 and 30 degrees below zero. Once the concrete building has been erected, it remains durable despite the intense cold

USING A STEAM-SHOVEL TO DIG A DRAINAGE DITCH in the frozen wastes surrounding an airfield. Jagged, snow-covered peaks cover a great deal of the surface of the island, which is colder than the European lands which lie in the same high latitudes

# NEWS PICTURES from the FAR-FLUNG BATTLEFRONTS

## From Holland to the Pacific

**AN AMERICAN AIRMAN IS RESCUED FROM THE BURMA JUNGLE :** Lieutenant G. M. Collins, of New Orleans, is here being carried by two of his rescuers after he had been found in a Naga village in the jungle. Collins was lost for forty-five days after baling-out of his disabled plane, but had managed to reach the village, despite his sufferings from lack of food and exposure

**LORD MUNSTER AT THE BURMA FRONT :** On his recent inspection tour of welfare facilities for British troops in India, Lord Munster (Under-Secretary of State for India) flew to the Burma front. There he had many talks with the troops, and his experiences are now to be related in Parliament. Here he is seen with a Royal Welch Fusilier at the front

**"BATTLE POSITIONS" IN ANCIENT RUINS : A 17-pounder anti-tank gun in action in the ruins of a Roman town in Transjordan.** Ruins of Roman towns which, only a century ago, were legends to European explorers were visited by British anti-tank gunners during a manœuvre in Transjordan. The regiment had recently changed its equipment, and it was found necessary for training purposes to organise a long exercise in suitable country where deployment and shooting could be combined. Therefore, the Commanding Officer decided on Transjordan, ideal country for this type of training. The troops had the fortune during the exercise to visit Jerash and Petra, two ancient Roman towns which for centuries were not seen by Europeans. The exercise was a success, and served the dual purpose of bringing training up to the minute and showing officers and men some of the wonders of the once-mighty Roman Empire

**IN THE ANCIENT TOWN OF JERASH : The thirty-two tiers of the seats of the South Theatre (on right) ; in the centre is the Forum, and the Street of Columns is seen in the background**

**CANADIAN LUMBERJACKS AT WORK IN HOLLAND : Now that the mud is increasing each week up in the front-line areas, the woodsmen are working at high pressure logging trees to make roads for our never-ceasing convoys carrying ammunition and supplies up to the fighting men. On the right above, the lumberjacks are seen at work felling and cutting the tall, straight trees in a Dutch wood : on the left, the sawn lengths of timber are being carted, or "yarded." Many, many thousands of feet will be required during the operations to be carried out this coming winter**

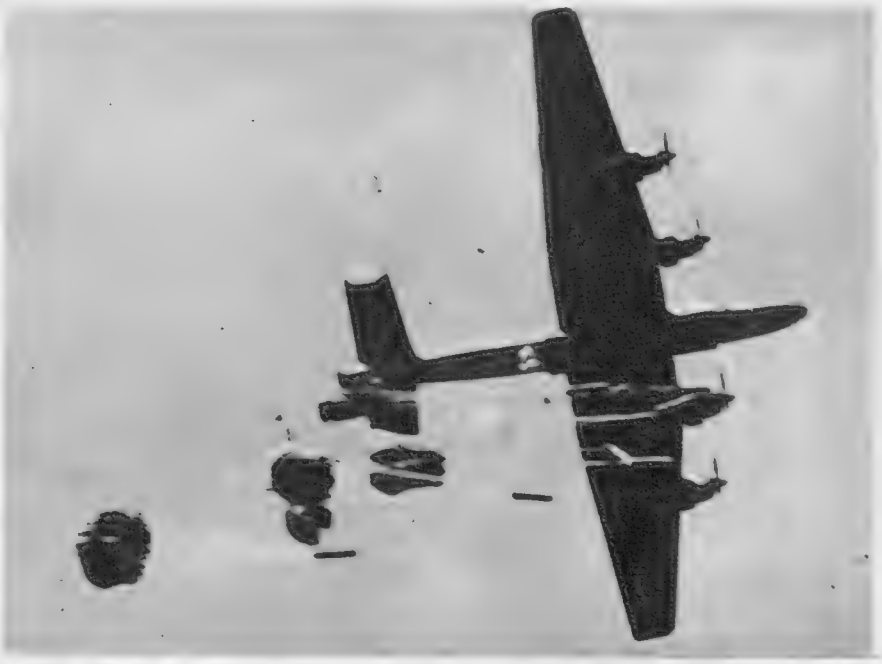
**AFTER THE AMERICAN LANDINGS IN THE PHILIPPINES:** The Filipino President, Mr. Sergio Osmena, issues a call to all Philippine fighters to take up arms against the Japs. His address was made from the steps of the temporary capital at Tacloban: General Douglas MacArthur is seen (wearing dark glasses) at the right of the President

**THE LEADER OF THE FILIPINO GUERILLA FIGHTERS ON LEYTE,** Colonel R. A. Kangloon (in centre), whom General MacArthur has appointed Provisional Governor of Leyte Island, with Dr. J. R. Hayden, Civil Adviser on Philippine Affairs (on left). At the right is Major F. Fernandez, Judge-Advocate on Colonel Kangloon's staff

**A GROUP OF BRITISH NEWSPAPER EDITORS during their tour of the Western Front:** This picture was taken recently at Field-Marshal Montgomery's Headquarters, when the Commander-in-Chief had a talk with his distinguished journalistic visitors. From left to right here are: Mr. Heywood, editor of Kemsley Newspapers; Field-Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery, the Commander-in-Chief; Mr. Christianson, editor of the *Daily Express*; a British officer; Mr. Wadsworth, editor of the *Manchester Guardian*; Mr. Chancellor, general manager, Reuter's; Mr. Inwood, of the Westminster Press; and Mr. Andrews, editor of the *Yorkshire Post*

**THE BISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH VISITS HAMPSHIRE SAPPERS IN ITALY: On left—the Rev. H. J. St. J. Clarke (Deputy Chaplain-General); on right—the Rev. D. D. Lloyd Evans, studying a map of the area to be covered by the Bishop:** During his tour, Dr. Anderson took the names and addresses of all the Hampshire men he met, so that he might write to their relatives on his return to England and give them news of their men. The Bishop also visited Rome, where he found time to make two broadcasts

**HOW INVASION CASUALTIES WERE TREATED ON LEYTE:** A general view of the operating theatre at the 58th Evacuation Hospital, set up in a building which had been occupied by an Industrial Training School in peacetime. This hospital was in continuous operation for three days and nights, treating native and American casualties as the invasion troops chased the Japs over the foothills immediately after the landing on Leyte Island, in the Philippines



**BRITISH BOMBERS DROP SUPPLIES BY DAYLIGHT TO YUGOSLAV PARTISANS:** During October and November R.A.F. Halifaxes have been playing an unaccustomed role. Under the command of the Balkan Air Force, these four-engined heavies, whenever weather has permitted, have carried out a full-scale supply-dropping programme in daylight. Halifaxes have operated frequently throughout October, despite the thunderclouds normal at this time of the year off the Dinaric Alps and the Greek isles, and the far more turbulent conditions which obtain in daylight. The normal convective air currents caused by the sun over any land mass are sometimes dangerously aggravated off Albania and Yugoslavia by the contending mountain winds. Despite these harsher flying conditions, the policy of despatching Halifaxes by day, instead of during the milder nights, has been justified by the results

# A PLANNING CHARTER FOR BRITAIN

## The Aim of the Town and Country Planning Association in Controlling the Growth and Amenities of Britain's Cities and Towns

By CHARLES GRAVES

WITH the German war reputedly in its last stages, it looks as if this country will be caught flat-footed with its arrangements for the rehabilitation of our towns and countryside, as the pressure for any sort of housing anywhere is likely to defeat any intelligent attempt to plan correctly, in spite of the existence of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

The latter, presumably, has a rough idea as to the urban areas which need being de-congested, if one can use the word. Presumably, it also knows which small towns and even cities could do with an increase in industry and population. Since the Barlow Report in 1940, however, the Government has given no real inkling of what it intends to do. What is really needed is a planning charter for Britain. According to the experts, this charter would declare a complete stop to the growth, whether upwards or outwards, of all the big cities like London, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and so on. It would insist on every town being surrounded by a belt of land devoted to agriculture and recreation, which would be anything from two miles broad round a town of 20,000 inhabitants, and twenty miles broad round London itself. It would also call for the planning and building of seventy-five new towns, each with a population varying from 20,000 to 100,000.

"It 's an ill wind . . ." Only the *Luftwaffe* and the V-bombs could have created such havoc and compelled such dispersal as has occurred in these past three years. No Government could have produced such a revolutionary change in the life of Great Britain. And now is the time to capitalise the liabilities created by the war. Leaders of the movement for the imaginative task of rearranging community life throughout the country are the Council of the Town and Country Planning Association. This organisation, originally called the Garden Cities Association, was founded in 1898 as a kind of hang-over from the nineteenth-century philanthropy of Octavia Hill, Peabody and other worthy types. In 1901, it gave practical expression to its ideals by sponsoring the plans and erection of Letchworth Garden City, where industry and social life were correlated as far as possible. To-day Letchworth has a population of 30,000 people and 200 factories. The success of this venture led to the passing of the first Housing and Town Planning Act. But this was so feeble that nothing really came of it, except that the Garden Cities Association changed its name to the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association.

Then in 1920 came the second practical experiment, that of Welwyn Garden City, which now has a population of 25,000 and 100 factories.

In 1940 came the Barlow Report, which drew attention to the fact that there was far too much industry in the south-east of England, and that, generally speaking, there was a bad balance of population, amenities and industry throughout Great Britain.

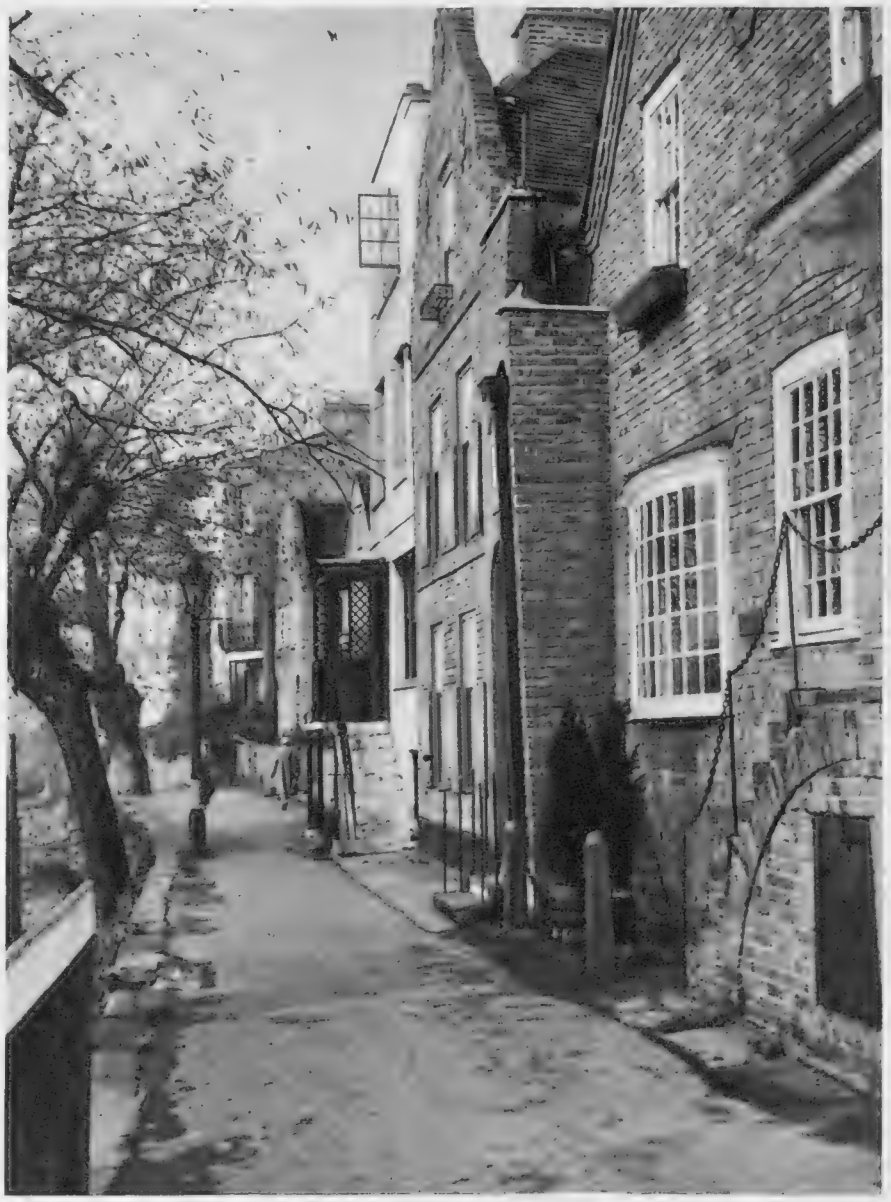
In 1941, the Association changed its name to the Town and Country Planning Association, and within a year a Ministry was started with the same name. To-day the Association does its best to educate the public as well as Whitehall into planning community life as ideally as possible in the future. It wants reasonably-sized towns of, say, 60,000 people instead of a few overgrown monstrosities. It believes that the L.C.C. area of 4,000,000 inhabitants would be much better if the number was reduced by half and the surplus encouraged to live outside. Glasgow, with its 1,250,000 population, would, in the Council's opinion, be far happier with a population of 750,000. By contrast, Berwick-on-Tweed, with its 20,000 population, might well be doubled.

Generally speaking, the aim of the Town and Country Planning Association is to give all country towns the attractions of county towns, while the moribund condition of many county towns is to be revitalised. Bath is regarded as a good example of the ideal county town, with its art, drama and recreational facilities.

In the meantime, the mere physical spread of London, in the words of a leading industrialist, has done enormous damage. It has swallowed up a once fair and prosperous countryside, making life more and more intolerable for the inhabitants of the central areas. A green belt for London is all right, but when an inhabitant of Camden Town or Poplar has to take a bus ride of an hour's duration to reach the outskirts of the green belt, it means that this visit is not a pleasant interlude for a Saturday afternoon. It is an expedition which needs planning and costs time and money. Worse still, unless something is done quickly, it looks as though the 500,000 houses which will have to be built as soon as possible after the war may turn the whole of the South of England into one gigantic suburb, while the other big cities in the Midlands and the North will also spread horribly.

But apart from the undesirability of allowing the great cities to sprawl still farther, there is the psychological side. The ambitious boy in Aberdeen, Glasgow or Edinburgh sees London as the Mecca of his industrial and political ambitions. The born leaders of Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle and Cardiff also desert their native towns and gravitate inevitably to London. (Birmingham is the one exception among the big cities to this rule.) Why do they do this? The answer is that nearly always the Head Offices are in London. And no one can estimate the extent of the loss to the great regional capitals by the perpetual drain from them of their most enterprising young citizens.

But when they come to London, what do they find? They suddenly realise that they are in a town where they have to spend two hours a day in travel to enjoy a house with a garden, at double the expense of what it would be in their native towns, or resign themselves to flat life and an almost complete divorce from most of the attractive sides of life. Above all, they resign themselves to an environment which is inimical to family life, and therefore inimical to the best interests of the nation. There is no doubt that the uncontrolled growth, distribution and location of industry in the past has led to great social and economic evils, and the planned location of industry in the future must give rise to an equivalent measure of social good. Fortunately, some small towns have been enterprising enough as to be represented on the Country Towns Committee of the Planning Association. These include Swadlincote, which wants to increase its population; Haslingden, in Cheshire, which wants to be more cultural; Malvern, which would like suitable light industries in addition to its attractions as a spa. Aylesbury has the simple desire of becoming both bigger and better. Bewdley has theories about new industries and a 25 per cent. increase in the population, while Yeovil (among the others) is looking for new, but suitable, light industries. This Committee has no desire to go in for town boosting on American lines, nor of developing purely for the sake of development. The members would like to see their local towns and local industry standing on their own legs, with variety of employment, good local education, and good local entertainment as well. No doubt big stores with a large mail-order service will dislike this stimulation of local patriotism and the purchase as well as the manufacture of local goods.



**PLANNED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY on the banks of the Thames, near Chiswick:** Quite one of the quaintest and least-spoilt places on the Thames is Strand-on-the-Green, on the Middlesex bank below Kew Bridge. At high water, the outlook from the old Georgian houses and humble cottages is very charming. Watermen long formed the bulk of the inhabitants, but Zoffany, the painter, who died in 1810, lived there

The whole motor industry, by contrast, will surely do its best to encourage these plans for building new towns and reducing the size of others. For some years up to the outbreak of war the pleasure of owning a car in London became increasingly dubious. The appalling traffic jams, with the consequent waste of petrol and the cost of garages, inclined many people to sell their cars and rely on taxis and private hire services, to the detriment of the manufacturers. Those people who did buy cars naturally bought small ones because of the congested streets.

But if London's population were reduced by a million or two it would encourage many people to buy bigger and better cars after the war. Similarly, many of the inhabitants of the seventy-five new towns to be planned would find a car very useful indeed in connection with getting to and from their place of employment. In which connection it is to be hoped that the architects, engineers and other experts who plan these cities will see to it that their roads are suitably broad and well designed.

The growth of motor ownership, as Sir Miles Thomas, Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Organisation, has been saying, makes far better town planning possible on the self-contained urban unit system. For it will free the architects from the linear limitation of the railway, with its bottlenecks of arbitrary railway stations. Just as a trolley-bus is conducive to a far easier flow of traffic than the tram, so road transport, with its ability to operate over a network, offers advantages over the rigid railway line.

The part that the motor-car can play in helping dispersal and bringing about a more even spread of population will depend, of course, on the way in which motorists make their voices heard. At present, in the area served by the London Passenger Transport Board, no fewer than 133 authorities exercise planning powers over roads and building developments. The motor industry seriously hopes that within ten years after the war, one person in ten will be able to afford a motor-car. One thing is certain: the planners of our town and country development after the war must get into their heads that the motor-car is no longer a pleasure vehicle. In peacetime, the vast majority of people bought motor-cars for business purposes. This will be even more true after the war.

One final point. Many people may think that the erection of all these new cities will reduce the countryside still further. The opposite is the case. I am assured that even if 5,000,000 of our overcrowded city-dwellers were given new work-places and houses with gardens, they would take up less than 390 square miles of the 80,000 square miles of Great Britain.

*The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export*

# The "QUEEN MARY" on WAR SERVICE

## Britain's Biggest Atlantic Liner is a Troopship

The *Queen Mary* was built in the year 1936 for the Cunard Line. A vessel of 73,000 tons, she soon became famous on the cross-Atlantic run from England to New York. With the coming of the war the great liner disappeared from the public view; she was, in fact, laid up in New York together with the even bigger *Normandie*.

At the beginning of October last it was officially disclosed that the *Queen Mary* had carried tens of thousands of troops during 1942 and had seen active service on every ocean. Her first trip as a "trooper" was made in March 1940, when she left for Cape Town: since then she has taken vital reinforcements to Port Said at a critical stage of the Battle of Egypt; Australian troops to Singapore before Japan's entry into the war; and many American troops across the Atlantic. On one voyage she carried 10,000 soldiers (compared with a maximum of 4,000 passengers before the war). She has been completely transformed internally for her duties as a troopship, and her guns are manned jointly by British and American sailors and soldiers

**A SCENE ABOARD THE GREAT VESSEL DURING ONE OF HER PASSAGES TO BRITAIN: Thousands of men crowd the main deck to practise boat-drill, and each has been issued with a lifebelt**

**BRITISH AND AMERICAN GUNNERS "closing up" at the double during an exercise. The British Navy and American Army provide the gun crews on board. The "Queen Mary" does not sail in convoy, relying on her speed to escape attack by enemy U-boats**

**LIFEBOAT DRILL FOR PASSENGERS during a crossing when a number of Canadian W.A.C.S. were being brought to Britain. The "Queen Mary" has now been "trooping" since 1940**

**WHEN THE PRIME MINISTER WAS ON BOARD THE GREAT LINER: Looking down over the bridge of the escorting British cruiser "Scylla" as the "Queen Mary," dead ahead, sped across the Atlantic. On board on this occasion—in May 1943—was Mr. Winston Churchill and his party, on their way to New York and the Washington Conference**

**THE CAPTAIN OF THE "QUEEN MARY"—Commodore J. G. P. Bissett, O.B.E., R.D., R.N.R., of Liverpool,** who has been in command for three years. He went to sea in 1898; was seven years in sailing-ships; joined the Cunard Line in 1908; has been captain of six other Cunarders; and was in the rescue ship after the *Titanic* disaster

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

# QUEEN ELIZABETH and the EARL of LEICESTER

*A Brilliant Description of Elizabethan Court Circles; Two Years in the Life of John Masefield; Semi-fictional Reportage; The Voyage of the Argonaut; Housemaid's Sweepstake*

" Much suspected of me,
Nothing proved can be,"

said Queen Elizabeth of herself, after eluding her sister's examiners in the Tower of London. Much suspected, indeed, by her enemies, and much speculated upon even by the vast mass of friends, place-seekers and admirers. Perhaps in all her long life none of Elizabeth's actions or opinions raised the same storm of controversy as did her association with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

" For thirty years," writes Mr. Milton Waldman, " from shortly after Elizabeth's accession in the autumn of 1558 until his death, Robert Dudley held first place in her heart without serious rival or interruption. To her subjects there seemed something supernatural, if not positively unholy, in this feat of fidelity."

In a book which I have found quite fascinating, Mr. Waldman examines the problem that seems to lie at the heart of that fidelity, and in so doing gives as brilliant and lucid a picture of Elizabethan Court circles as I have ever read. ELIZABETH AND LEICESTER (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is a fortunate blend of scholarly inquiry and popular history, in the best and least derogatory sense of that much-abused word " popular." Pedants may find its very readableness a fault, but it is not one of which most of us would complain.

Mr. Waldman has a chapter of first-rate detection writing on the mystery of Amy Robsart's death. The truth has never been known, but it seems odd, and seemed odder to people then, that Leicester's unwanted wife should have been found at the foot of a flight of steps in an empty house, with her neck broken. The Queen of France, Mary Stuart herself, remarked " with ironic innuendo on the lucky chance that her cousin of England was now free to marry ' her horse-keeper.' "

However that was, the Court went into mourning, and the Earl was said to have spent " better than £2,000 " on the funeral. Public opinion had instantly rejected the jury's verdict of his innocence in the matter, but with the Queen, though she still would not marry him—" She pupped with her lips; she would not marry a subject "—he was still first favourite.

In the great Elizabethan period, Mr. Waldman seems completely at home; indeed, some of his most brilliant passages are in the chapter which unfolds and explains the panorama of the age, and gives the reader some understanding of that race of men whose portraits " almost without exception . . . reveal pride, boldness, wary distrust. In the fifteenth century the pride would have been compounded with humility; in the seventeenth and eighteenth with sober self-confidence; in the nineteenth the distrust would have verged on diffidence." And Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, was perhaps the most Elizabethan of Elizabethans.

Fifty-three years ago Mr. John Masefield, O.M. and Poet Laureate, was embarking on his first term on board the training-ship *Conway*. He was thirteen.

**TWO WOMEN WHO MADE THE DIFFICULT CLIMB OF GREAT GABLE, in the Lake District, for an Armistice service at the summit:** Miss Millicent Halliwell (left) and Miss Mary Hamer, the only two women to make the climb—a feat for experts at this time of the year. At the summit is the country's highest war memorial, where they observed a five-minutes silence. At one point Miss Halliwell had to go waist-deep in water, and as she neared the end of the climb her clothes froze. The two climbers are seen having a welcome cup of tea on their return

NEW CHUM (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is the record of those years, told in astoundingly complete detail considering the lapse of time, and with an affectionate nostalgia for which the landlubber may not see the full excuse. For the discipline on these ships was exacting, the drills hard and the living conditions not over-comfortable. The young Masefield appears to have loved it all, to have understood the rigid shipboard protocol and to have gloried in the accumulation of sailor's knowledge. To many, he will be able to communicate those particular thrills and glories of the eager neophyte; for those whose imaginations are resolutely land-bound there is nothing here.

Apart from the war correspondents, with whose published despatches and diaries we are now very familiar, there are war reporters of a different kind, complementary to them and, generally through the medium of fiction, covering the home front. This semi-fictional reportage has been largely developed during this war, and it can be a very tiresome manifestation of the art of writing if it is uninspired and humourless. Paradoxically, the factual style needs imagination to be successful.

Miss Inez Holden is one of its best exponents, and her new documentary-novel her most felicitous experiment in the manner so far. THERE'S NO STORY THERE (John Lane. 8s. 6d.) deals with a vast war factory in the remote English countryside, where it fills a seven-mile circumference. It is like a city on its own, with hostels, welfare centres, shops, hospitals and miles of roadways. The factory's business is the filling of shells, and it contains therefore vast danger areas, where the men and women wear protective clothing, rubber shoes, caps and thick cream and powder on their faces, equally for protection.

The routine of the shifts and the handling of the material has been worked out with an almost inhuman precision; there are no less than 30,000 workers, and the numbers and spaces to be reckoned with are all on this stupendous scale. Nevertheless, Miss Holden uses her excellent reporter's sense to prove, amongst other things, that the human element is never absent; that husbands in the Army and wives in munitions do meet with awkwardness after months of parting, that some men remain gossips and some women slave-drivers even in responsible posts, and that it's still possible for some girls to make a hostel cubicle look quite " homy." Even if you don't read this book until long after the war, you should get hold of a copy now to keep; it will remain an admirable record.

As a child, I remember reading a simplified version of the voyage of the Argonauts, by Charles Kingsley, and finding it an adventurous, exciting tale, but a little complicated and inexplicable even in that telling. Mr. Robert Graves makes no concessions to his presumably adult readers, and the result is a very long, very detailed and, at the same time, very racy account of the legendary Argonaut voyage, which, we learn, was regarded as sober history by the Greeks and Romans.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) tells the story, then, of Jason and of his recovery of the magic fleece, but it tells also of his illustrious company; of the great Hercules, of Orpheus, of Atalanta, of Castor and Pollux, and, not least, of Autolycus, that picker-up of unconsidered trifles.

The story, of course, is a wonderful one, with all the action, the thrills and the misadventures that the most exigent could want, but here it seems to err on the side of over-writing. I do not want to be reminded of the alternative names of a Greek God—Zeus will do for me. I do not enjoy spiky-looking sentences in which every third word begins with a capital letter. And I do think that digressions can go too far. But I am impressed by the erudition that is evident in every line.

Incidentally, Mr. Graves quotes a disarming Greek foreword, which, luckily for me, is translated, and which announces that " as a rule the ancient myths are not found to yield a simple and consistent story, so that nobody need wonder if details of my recension cannot be reconciled with those given by every poet and historian."

**A CLIFF-LAND MEMORIAL IN CORNWALL TO " Q " (SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH) AND TO CORNISH SOLDIERS—Hall Walk and the cliffs overlooking the busy little harbour of Fowey:** On the death of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, a desire was widely expressed to raise a permanent memorial to him in his home town of Fowey. The search for a fitting form of commemoration has been rewarded through the generosity of Major P. F. Shakerley, of Tredudwell Manor, Lanteglos, who has given the site known as Hall Walk and the cliffs below to Fowey and Lanteglos as a memorial to " Q " and to the men of both places who fall in this war. A committee of five representatives of each district has been formed and an appeal for funds addressed to the residents, so that this beautiful part of the Cornish coast can be laid out, maintained and vested in the National Trust for the public to enjoy in perpetuity. The picture shows Hall Walk on the right, it stands on the point of land dividing the River Fowey and the creek leading up to Font

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE (John Long. 8s. 6d.) takes one back to the happy days when it was possible for a housemaid to win the Irish Sweep, and the even happier days when it was possible to have a housemaid. Mr. Eliot Crawshay-Williams writes with a brisk disregard for wartime conditions, and a cheerful insistence on the comforts of rich suburban life—that is to say, suburban-cum-county life, because the line of social demarcation was never as clear in my mind as it evidently was in the author's.

The story, then, is of a very personable housemaid, working in the house of a well-to-do family, the son of which is an attractive bounder whose chief activities are betting and—I believe the word is philandering. The housemaid naturally figures in the latter sphere. When she is found to hold the winning ticket, the family fawn on her; when, to test them, she pretends to have made a mistake about its number, they turn on her. Ten years later she meets the bounder-type again, and, rather improbably, marries him.

If, however, one is to discuss improbabilities, all enjoyment in the novel will be gone. It is an extremely light piece of work, an odd mixture of the farcical and the moral.

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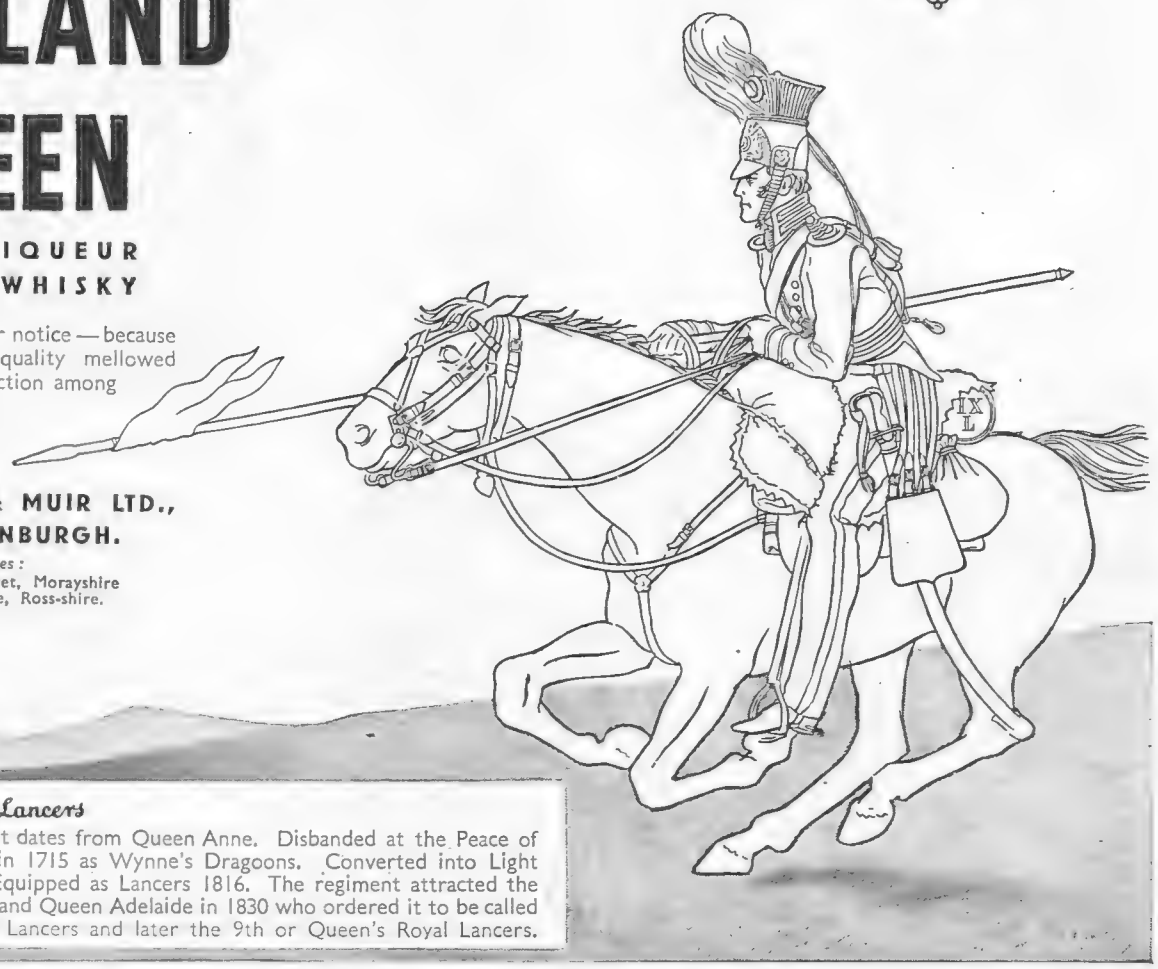

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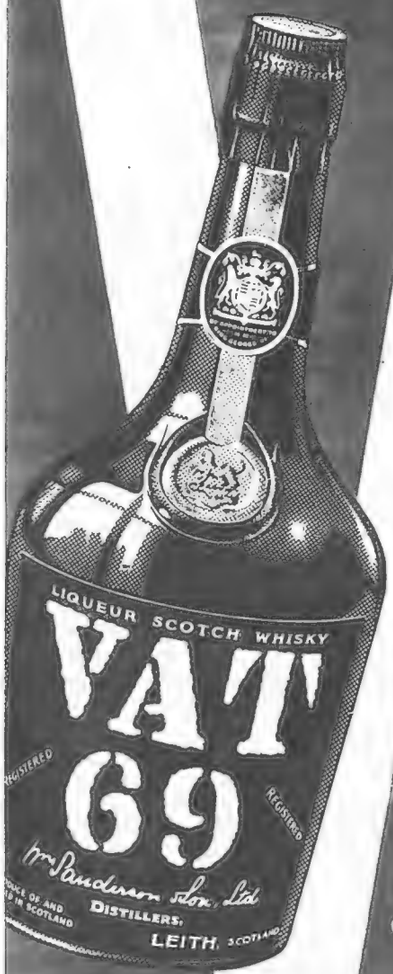


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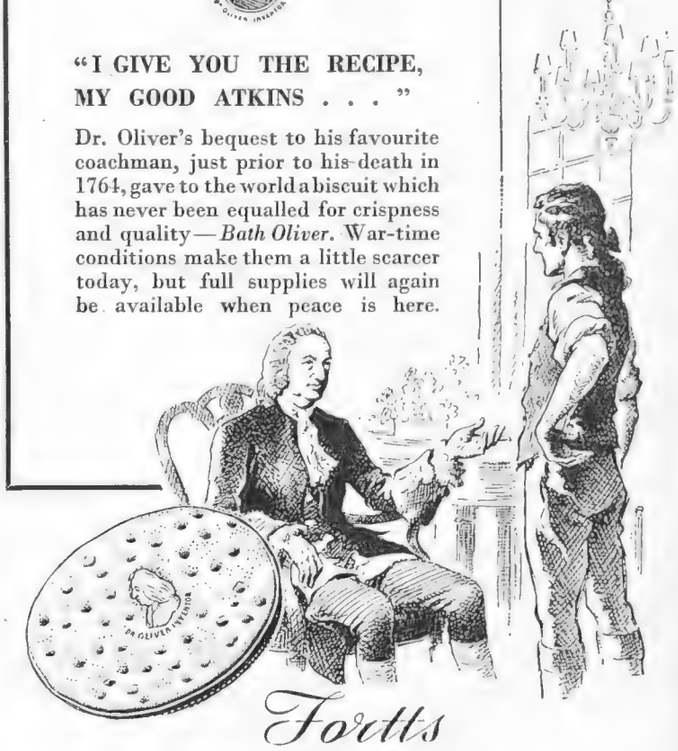

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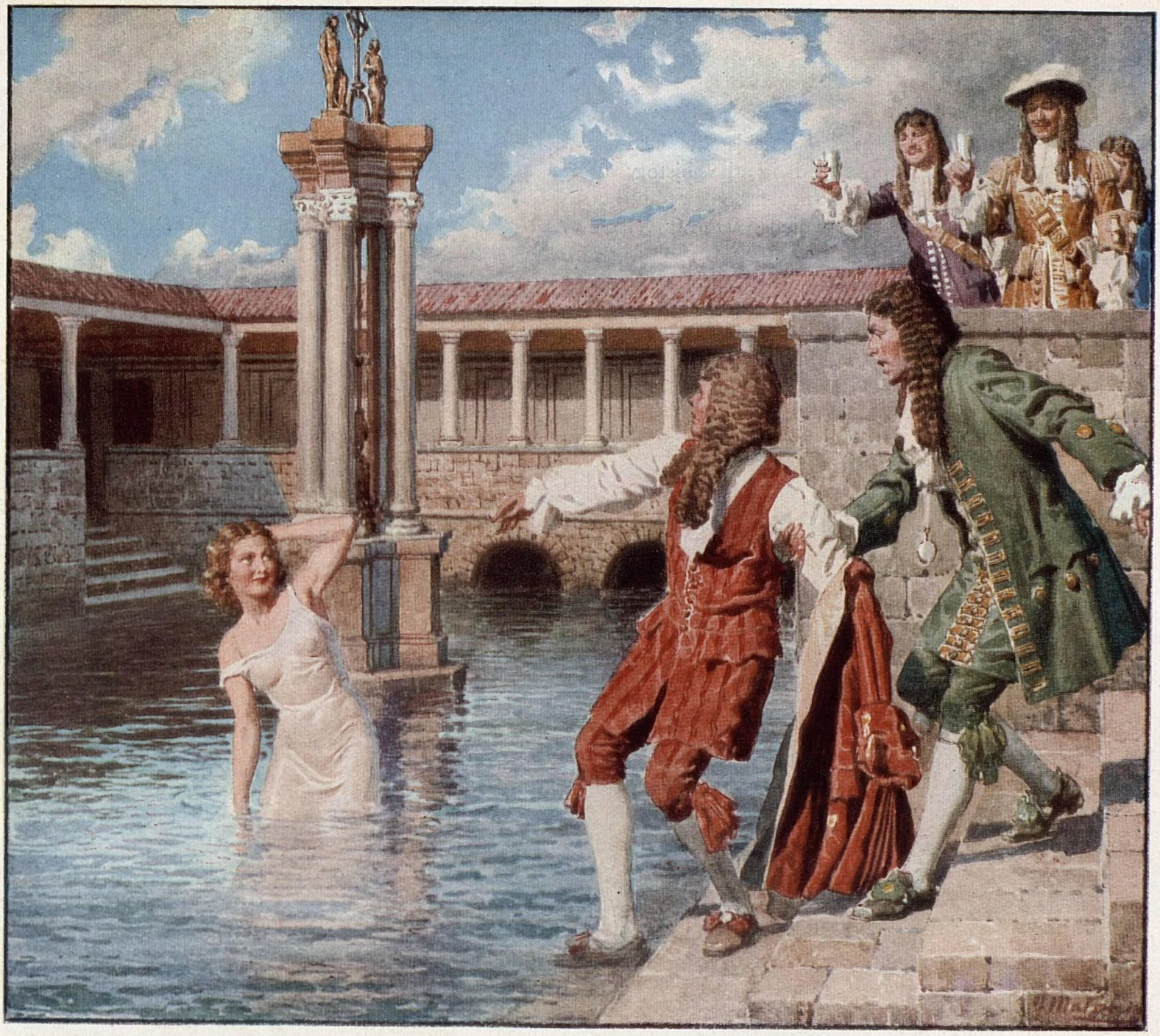

# *The Origin of the "Toast"*

Although healths have been drunk from time immemorial the custom of giving "toasts" dates only from the 17th century and the origin of the phrase is curious. Pieces of toasted bread were frequently placed in wine in the belief that it improved the flavour. The story is told that at Bath in the days of Charles II a celebrated beauty being immersed in the water an admirer dipped a goblet in the bath and drank her health. Whereon a fuddled gallant offered to jump into the bath saying though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. From that time the custom of toasting a famous beauty in the belief that it improved the flavour of the drink became the regular custom.

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